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When Power Comes

Albert D. Belden

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WHEN POWER COMES

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Stories from Real Life

By

ALBERT D. BELDEN, B. D. (Lond.)

Author of "Does God Really Care?" "God's Better Thing," "The Greater Christ," etc.

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PREFACE

THE stories and sketches gathered into this little volume are, with very few obvious exceptions, based upon fact either within the writer's own experience or within that of persons known to him to be entirely reliable. They are brought together in order to contribute definitely to the art of useful and forceful illustrations on platform or in pulpit. As a regiment in battle does not worry about the precise ownership of powder and shot, so the writer is anxious only to pass on to other fighters in the Holy War ammunition that has been helpful to himself. If the reading or the retelling of these stories should strengthen any soul's faith in that

> . . . divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we may,

he will be amply repaid.

A. D. B.

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WHEN POWER COMES

It was in a Christian Endeavor meeting that he made the great discovery. As is generally known, each Endeavorer pledges himself "to take some part, aside from singing, in every Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master"—a pledge that has been of incalculable value to the Christian church. He made his discovery the evening on which he was to make his first attempt to fulfil his pledge.

He was afraid. He was just a boy fifteen years old, but he was already deeply conscious of a call to the ministry. He longed to rise and do his part, but he trembled at the thought of it. The Endeavorers with whom he met had a high standard of attainment; the speeches were thoughtful, the prayers had a fine, devotional atmosphere. He did not think that he could do as well as the others.

He decided that he would try first to take part in prayer. He did not believe in actually composing a prayer beforehand, but he tried carefully and conscientiously to prepare his mind, for he was sure that the inspiration that he hoped for would most surely come to a mind and heart ready to receive it.

It worried him to feel so nervous. "Surely," he thought, "since I have prayed for strength, I should have it now; yet I feel as weak as water." The great moment drew nearer and nearer, yet he felt no fitter for the ordeal; if anything, he grew more agitated.

"I am not strong enough for it," he said to himself, "and yet I have prayed for strength to do my duty and fulfil my pledge. Why has not God answered my prayer?" Then suddenly a thought flashed into his mind like a ray of light and illuminated his problem: "How do I know, until I try, that God has not given me strength? It is not for the time of waiting but for the action that I have asked his help. I will find out by trying."

The great moment had come. He, the beginner, was on his feet, and it was as if some secret door in his soul had opened, through which poured a flood of prayer. It was not a long prayer; it was simple, perhaps here and there it was crude; but it had burning sincerity that every one felt. So it was that this youth, who has since become a minister of Christ, learned one of the greatest lessons of life—that God's power comes when faith is perfected in action. "Faith without works is dead."

THE SECRET OF COURAGE

The Story of a Corporal's Discovery

A corporal who served through the Great War tells of a remarkable discovery he made in the course of it. Before the war he had been a solicitor carving out for himself a new practise. It was a very sheltered and happy life. He did not trouble religion much, and religion did not trouble him. He went to church mainly to please his mother and knew more of the vicar on the golf-course than in his pulpit. Suddenly, however, the Great War transferred him from his comfortable office chair to "somewhere in France" amid the roar and rattle of bom-

bardment. He confesses to having been, like many others, afflicted by almost ungovernable nervousness. He felt, for the most part, a shocking coward. The supreme dread of his life in the trenches was lest this chronic fear should master him and become evident to those in authority.

He tells of the expedients he tried to induce a return of courage. He called upon his memory for aid. The only things he seemed able to recall with ease were an old Latin motto, a few verses of Scripture, and the greater part of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam. The first, " Sweet and beautiful it is to die for one's native land," he came speedily to feel was more comforting to his soon-to-be sorrowing relatives than himself. With regard to the passages of Scripture he felt it was rather mean to fall back upon them in his extremity after having been so grossly neglectful of religion in the " piping times of peace." So for a time he made the best of the reckless pessimistic fatalism of Omar Khayyam. Under its influence he became, so he relates, quite a Mohammedan, comforting his soul with " Kismet, Kismet," " It is fate—It is fate."

This helped him for a time until one particularly bad day when it was raining as hard as ever it could, and the enemy were shelling the trenches by stretches of so many hundreds of yards, changing the range at regular intervals. He found himself feverishly trying to estimate whether he would come under the range or just escape at one of the changes. He then discovered that Mohammedanism is only for superheroes.

What pulled him through just then, he says, was something very different. He remembered suddenly a club he

used to run for the ragged street-arabs of a certain slum. Over the door of the club there used to be the legend, "Smile, brother, smile!" The recollection of it, and especially of those plucky little urchins, made him smile even in the midst of high-explosive bombardment, and he felt better.

And then one day came the event which resulted in his great discovery. He was promoted corporal and received charge of a company. For a fortnight he became, so he puts it, a "father" to those men. Never were men better looked after. He put his whole soul into keeping them fit and cheerful, and on one occasion stayed up all night to keep sentry-go with a fresh and very nervous lad. Then he was retired to the base for a rest and there with his mind free to reflect upon the situation, he suddenly realized that for two whole weeks *he had been perfectly free of his own nervous fears.* What could account for it? Why of course—his whole concern during that time had been for the other men, he'd had no time or attention to spare for himself. "I've found it," he said to himself, "I've found the root and the secret of courage." From that time onward he was a free man—free from the cruel bondage of fear by which men die a thousand deaths before death.

Some time later he discovered a saying of Christ's which showed him how much greater a secret he had stumbled upon than he realized at first. "Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life, shall find it." And now he understands how it is that Christianity is able to make heroes out of average men.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS"

An Episode of Ancient Greece

Euripides, the great tragedian of the ancient world, one of the greatest poets of all time, bard of Salamis and the glory of great Athens, found himself at the end of life an outcast from his beloved city, a wanderer in exile. Not content with the achievements of a great poet, he had sought to lead the politics of his native country into purer channels. Like so many other of the world's idealists he had been scorned and rejected by his fellow countrymen. In deep disappointment he shook the dust of the city from his feet and passed out to seek comfort and the knowledge of God in the solitude of the mountains. Here in dejection of spirit he planned and wrote his last great tragedy depicting the god Diogenes on a visit to Thebes and his rejection and martyrdom—a striking anticipation of the Christian story of incarnation.

In his lonely grotto on the wooded slopes of the mountain, he meditated sadly upon the disappointing ending to his great life-work. His surpassing genius had been laid at the feet of his country only to be spurned and trampled on. With all the labor of the many years, had he spent his life in vain?

Whilst he thus mused so sadly there broke upon him the voices of men. Euripides frowned as he discovered his solitude thus rudely invaded. Could he not be left in peace to endure his sorrow and mourn over a fruitless life?

Some five or six men in whom fatigue of travel and recent suffering were plainly visible appeared before the

cave guided by a shepherd lad. Sternly the poet asked their business.

It was a wonderful story they had to tell. It was like a message from the gods to the downcast prophet.

"We have a debt to pay," they said, "a message of gratitude to give, and not for ourselves alone. To you we and many other Athenians owe their liberty."

Then they told the strange tale of how, whilst they languished with many fellow prisoners in the sun-scorched depths of the Syracusan quarries, lost to all hope of freedom and of life, a noble Athenian lad, Ariston, had sought to relieve their misery by reciting the noble tragedies of Euripides. Round the top of the quarry in which Ariston was imprisoned was a gallery guarded by a railing from which the Syracusans could watch their hated prisoners and gloat over their sufferings. But Ariston's burning eloquence united with Euripides' noble sentiment and magic words worked so powerfully on the minds of these spectators that they induced the authorities to bring Ariston forth from the dungeon to recite in the public theater of the city.

There facing thousands of his foes the brave young Athenian retold in the words of the great poet the story of the Trojan women. Especially moved was that vast assembly by the noble prayer:

Thou deep Base of the world, thou high Throne above the world, Whoe'er thou art, unknown and hard of surmise, Chain of things that be, Reason of our reason, God! to thee I lift my praise, seeing the silent road that bringeth justice ere the end be trod to all that breathes and dies.

The soul of the Syracusan people was stirred to its depths and they began to clamor for Ariston's freedom.

But the noble boy would not go alone. His comrades in distress must be freed as well. And at length, softened and inspired by the glorious language of the poet, the Syracusans dismissed all their prisoners with gifts and much kindness, for the sake of Euripides, the glory of Greece.

"It was the magic of your poetry, sire," the men continued, "hearts as hard as the walls of stone were melted in the sunshine of your words, the beauty of your mind. We come to thank you, O Euripides, and to praise the gods and you for their esteemed gift." Then they knelt at the poet's feet to kiss the hem of his robe.

The severe look of sorrow faded from the noble face; the old man's eyes grew soft and filled with tears of compassion and gratitude. He realized that his words, sown broadcast, had not fallen on barren ground, but had helped to heal the suffering and the injustice of the world.

"JOCK'S THEOLOGY"

A Trench Meditation

"Jock" sat in a corner of the trench with his chin in his hand and his eyes gazing disconsolately over the muddy prospect before him. Night had fallen upon his mind as well as upon the trenches. In some ways, one way especially, this spell in the front line was the worst he had ever experienced. Not simply because bombardments had been heavier and the fighting fiercer; they had proved restful distractions from a deeper trouble. He himself was wrong, profoundly, horribly wrong in himself. His soul grew sick within him as he thought of it.

He had often boasted ideas and ideals of soldierly morale, but never before had he realized so vividly that the word might with great advantage to himself and to others be better spelled "moral."

A Crushing Defeat

Certain remembrances of his recent behavior at the base, during a longer "rest" than usual, burned in his mind with ceaseless irritation.

He had been tempted, suddenly, cruelly, as only a soldier, cut off from the pure feminine camaraderie of ordinary life and herded, all too long, with only men, men, men, can be tempted.

After a brief but fierce struggle, the painful intensity of which can be measured by God alone, he had fallen. Now in the darkness of the trench he wondered how he should ever face again the dear home folk who held him in such trust and honor. It was nothing that *they* might ever know. *He knew!* And somehow he felt that in a subtle way that shameful knowledge would burn through him to them. They would find in him a saddening, puzzling change.

He had gone forth from the old home to the Great War with such noble ideals and such high resolves, the pride of his stern upright father, the joy of his saintly mother. Now the hitherto unsullied purity of his manhood lay in ruins, and he felt viler than the mud amid which he sat.

The Last Temptation

Then it was that there leapt upon him the last temptation of the human soul. The temptation to despair.

"Why not let everything go?" There floated into his mind a doctrine he had imbibed from the pulpit of the rather old-fashioned chapel at home, and one he had often heard discussed. Only the "elect" could hope to be saved. God had chosen some for glory and the rest for doom. Jock had often wondered where he stood; now, he thought, "I know." What better proof than that a purity safely guarded through a lifetime should have been allowed to suffer such awful defilement! God was against him!

A wave of anger passed over him. So he was unelect and doomed, was he? Cast out from the society of the pure and the decent! Rejected by God! Nothing was left then but to go to the devil, to whom he belonged, as fast as possible. And the way yawned before his gaze, wide, dizzying, horrible.

For one brief lurid moment he gazed into that hell of abandoned sinning and shuddered at its corruption and horror. He saw himself a lost soul! Shut out for ever from the fair realm to which his mother, father, sister, and "another" belonged!

In that awful moment of vision and judgment something seemed to break in his soul. A fiercer hate than he had ever known, against the vile thing he had done and had become, flamed through him followed quickly by a heart-breaking wistful yearning for the purity he had flung away.

He had always been a clean lad, till that awful night. It was cleanness he loved! To be "white" all through and all the time was what he really wanted! And then a curious thought grew swiftly in his mind, a thought that saved him.

A Great Prayer

He found himself musing thus: "I love good things. That love is a longer and bigger thing than this outburst of passion which has brought such pain and shame. I will go on loving good things and I'll try again to keep to them! God may not love me or want me, but I at least love what he stands for. *He can't stop my loving him* at any rate, and though he may damn me he can't help my trying to serve him better."

"That's what I'll do," said Jock to himself. "I'll never touch this cursed thing again!"

He found himself repeating it softly, and it brought a curious sense of comfort to him: "He may not love me, but I *will* love him! He can't stop my loving him!"

Jock's head dropped further into his hands. The growing darkness of the trench shut him in, and earthly things seemed to slip away. The poor hard-pressed lad, his heart breaking for his sin, prayed half-audibly: "O God, I dinna ken if A'm to be saved or nae, but A do love thee. Maybe A'm no one o' the elect, but A *will* serve thee and be good and clean, an' then *thou canst dae as thou likes wi' me.*"

Somehow that simple resolve to be true to God, whatever God was to him, seemed to brace his soul like a tonic. It stayed with him. Often he would mutter it to himself: "A'll be clean and good if I am to be damned! He can dae as he likes wi' me, but A'll love him." And when he faced "base" life again, it girded him with a new strength—strength enough and to spare, for he helped to keep other lads straight.

It was not till later that in conversation with a padre he came to understand fully what happened in that trench reverie. He then saw that the pleading of goodness in the soul is the voice of the One who never forsakes though he is often cast out, and that to be visited with a fire of longing for the clean and holy is to be *called of God,* and to yield up to its flames the dross of self is to become *" the chosen of God."*

When that fuller revelation came to him, Jock became indeed a new man. He has not fallen again, and now the greatest word in his vocabulary is " forgiveness."

THE INESCAPABLE TRUTH

How difficult it is to keep a secret in this world—especially a guilty one. It is as though the very stones of the pavement and walls of the houses shrieked the truth aloud. Truth cannot be repressed.

One of the most impressive stories of the discovery of the guilty is one that comes to us from the late Middle Ages.

In an important capital in Europe there was gathered a council composed of large numbers of Church and State dignitaries. Some of the most distinguished men in Europe were present. The stately banquet proceeded without any untoward event. At its close a famous cardinal was asked to respond to a toast in honor of the Roman Catholic Church. In an eloquent speech he referred amongst many other things to the onerous responsibilities of the priesthood, not the least of which was that involved in confession. " My very first penitent," said

the cardinal, "was a man guilty of murder." Finishing his speech amid applause the cardinal sat down.

Just then the door of the banqueting-hall opened and there entered a well-known duke, very popular at a certain European court. Now the duke observed that the cardinal had just concluded a speech. So when, with great applause, he himself was called upon to speak, the duke began his speech with a graceful reference to the cardinal. Bowing low before the cardinal and then facing the assembly, the duke said, "My Lord and gentlemen, I have the honor of being the cardinal's first penitent and therefore the first to receive absolution at his hands."

The consternation which this unconscious confession caused in that assembly can be better imagined than described. The cardinal's face turned deadly pale, while gleams of sinister satisfaction at the discovery flitted over the faces of others. The criminal, oblivious of the sensation caused by his words, went calmly on with his speech.

A great Church and State secret, however, had slipped out by a simple coincidence of speech. Was it chance or that Spirit of Truth who will have nothing hidden at last?

OLD FOES IN NEW PLACES

A large aeroplane was recently taking a flight over mountainous country. The pilot and his observer had not been traveling long when they heard a noise on board that filled them with anxiety.

It has been found that it is a far greater danger to have one rat on board a ship that sails in the air than to have a hundred rats on a sea-going vessel. An aeroplane is so

easily damaged—the biting through of one wire, the tearing of the fabric of a wing, might be enough to send the aeroplane smashing to the ground.

It was the sound of a rat gnawing away in some secret nook of the aeroplane that disturbed these men. What could they do? It was impossible at that height to search the plane, and if they attempted to land the mischief might be complete before they could do so. Besides they were traveling over a mountain range, and that is not suitable ground upon which to land an aeroplane. Suddenly the pilot thought of a good idea. He began to mount higher and higher into the already very keen mountain air. Higher and still higher he went until the two men could scarcely breathe. Their ears felt like bursting, their breath came in great tearing gasps—but up and up they went. Why? They were waiting for something they knew must happen. Difficult as it was for them to breathe in the cold rare atmosphere of that mountain height, they knew that it must be much worse for their secret foe, the rat. He would have to give in first. Higher, still higher! And then their courage was rewarded, for with a feeble scamper and a dull thud a large rat came out from its hiding-place and fell panting and dying on the floor of the aeroplane. In a moment the observer had flung it overboard. He and his companion were safe from their secret foe.

That is the way to get rid of the secret foes that lurk in the depth of the soul. Ride high through life. Keep near to God. Seek the heights of pure thought and noble feeling, and the poisonous things will fall away. As St. Paul puts it, "If ye then are risen with Christ, seek the things that are above."

THE MAN WHO MADE THE SEA-PATH STRAIGHT

Some of the greatest benefactors of humanity still remain practically unknown to fame and to the world they so greatly blessed. A striking instance of this is the very few who know the name or the story of the man who first enabled "those who go down to the sea in ships" to arrive much more reasonably near their port of destination.

When the eighteenth century began ships had three instruments to help them. The compass gave them general direction, the log their speed, and the sextant the approximate latitude.

Even then they frequently arrived two hundred miles from their "desired haven."

The Spanish, Dutch, and English Governments offered great prizes to any one who should succeed in making the sea-road straighter.

Sir Isaac Newton tried *and failed*. In 1710, £10,000 was offered to any one producing an instrument which would enable a ship to come within sixty miles of her port, £15,000 to bring her within forty miles, and £20,000 within thirty miles.

There was a poor working carpenter named John Harrison who had a hobby. In the odd bits of time snatched from work he pottered about with pendulums and wheels. He discovered what most folk know about clocks—that the weather affects them—their metals expand in heat and contract in cold. He asked himself, "Do all metals do this?" Thus he at last arrived at a

pendulum made of brass and iron rods arranged so that the contraction of one was balanced by the expansion of another. This clock of his varied by less than one minute in ten years. But such a clock being of no use for the sea, Harrison applied his idea to a wheeled clock. In 1735 he tested his invention on two ships, and at the end of the voyage of one of them he brought the ship within ninety miles of her destination. In 1761 his fourth clock, little bigger than a watch, brought a sailing ship The Deptford to the West Indies within eighteen miles of her destination, when by the old method she would have been one hundred and eighty miles out.

But although poor John Harrison had fairly won the prize, the Government of his day thought £20,000 not good for a poor man. They paid him £2,500 instead. He had bought his own materials, made his tools, taken time from his proper trade, and given incalculable benefit to the people of every land, yet he finished his life in great poverty. When at last the agitation raised by just-minded men secured a revision of his reward he was too old to profit by it.

This is the story of how the sea-path was made straight. John Harrison has passed away, but his obscure life of patient investigation and brave endeavor has made the whole world his debtor.

A TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD

A white missionary taking part as a visitor in a service in a native church in India had the privilege of seeing a very impressive occurrence. The sacrament of the Lord's

Supper was being administered by a highly respected native pastor to a very large body of native Christians.

As one looked at the congregation it was impossible to miss the fine upstanding figure of a high-caste Brahman who bore on face and form and carriage the stamp of many generations of authority and refinement. A handsome man, he looked what indeed he was, every inch a gentleman.

But sitting beside him, by a striking coincidence, was a low-caste Hindu bearing in his person signs just as unmistakable, of his depraved origin. Features, form, clothing, bearing, all proclaimed the mental and spiritual poverty of his forbears and of his present social position. There carved in life before him the visitor could see the supreme social problem of India, and indeed of the world.

Presently the native pastor approached these two bearing the sacred elements, and magnetized presumably by the manifest superiority of the Christian Brahman he instinctively offered the bread and the wine first of all to him though in doing so he had to pass the low-caste worshiper. With a perfect dignity and graceful simplicity the Brahman immediately himself passed the elements to his low-caste neighbor, gently but firmly insisting upon his partaking of them first.

And the missionary looking on saw the Brahman as he took the cup again from his lowly fellow worshiper *deliberately place his lips upon the very spot of the rim at which so lately his low-caste brother had drunk.* Of his own passionate will-to-brotherhood he strove to make their union in Christ as complete as might be. The inherited prejudice of centuries which made the touch of one

utter pollution for the other, had been swept away by the pure stream of that Divine Love which poured itself out at Calvary for all mankind. It is the beginning of the end for caste, thought the missionary. Love conquers all.

A SHREWD BLOW

There is a little-known story of Doctor Moffat, the famous Missionary to Africa, that is worthy of wider fame. He was, one evening, trekking north to Africaner's kraal and halted for the night at the farm of a very rich Boer farmer who kept many slaves. After supper was finished the farmer suggested family prayers. The Dutch Bible and psalm-books were brought in, and the farmer's numerous family assembled. Doctor Moffat noticed, however, that only white servants had been included in the company.

"But where are the other servants?" he inquired.

"Other servants?" was the answer, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," said the missionary, "the Hottentots, of whom I see so many on your farm."

"Oh, is that what you mean?" the farmer replied with something of a sneer. "Let me go to the mountains and call the baboons if you want a congregation of that sort! Or stop, I have it—my sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door, they will do!"

Doctor Moffat, seeing his host's anger, quietly dropped the subject. A psalm was sung, prayer was offered, and then the missionary chose a Scripture reading. He read the story of the Syrophœnician woman and then spoke for

a few minutes from the text "Truth, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table."

Doctor Moffat had not spoken very long before the Boer interrupted him.

"Pardon, Mynheer, will you sit down and wait a little? You shall have the Hottentots."

The crowd of astonished slaves trooped in to the farm-house and listened open-mouthed to the missionary. When the service was over the farmer turned to his guest and grasping his hand, he said, "My friend, you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head."

CHURCH OR NO CHURCH?

A Novel Argument from an Ancient Time

"I have come to see you, sir," said the man as he entered the minister's study, "about joining your church." "Yes," responded the minister, "I'm very glad to hear you say so. Have you been in fellowship with any church before?" "No," said the man, "for years I have been on the point of joining, feeling it to be a Christian man's duty, but something has always held me back till now." "What was it?" asked the minister. "Have you theological difficulties?" "Not more so than any man who has imbibed modern knowledge, may be said to have," replied the visitor. "My chief difficulty has always been a most acute sense of the responsibility of church-membership, and I must add, a considerable resentment against the hypocrisy and inconsistency of many church-members." "It would not be too much to say," he went on, "that the men whom I have found hardest and meanest in my

business life have been so-called religious men—church-members." "But you mustn't judge the regiment by the awkward squad," urged the minister; "even the sun has spots on it, you know." "Yes! I realize that now," replied the man, "but till yesterday I had felt so keenly that the church was only a hollow sham that truly I had begun to doubt whether in Christianity there was any real virtue at all."

"Well! what has caused you to change?" asked the minister. "The reading of a story," said the visitor. "A story that I think every minister and church-member ought to know." "Oh! what is that?" inquired the other. "Well! I took down from a shelf last evening a book written in the Middle Ages which in many of its contents is far from wholesome, but in which I found this 'gem of purest ray serene.' It is the story of a Jew who lived in Paris in the Middle Ages. This Jew had one particular friend who was a Christian and who endeavored by continual argument to persuade him to change his faith and to enter the Christian church. At last the Jew, plagued beyond endurance by the Christian's overtures, made a curious decision. 'Look here!' he said, 'I'm going to Rome, the headquarters of your religious faith. There I will watch the life of the Christians, and if I am convinced that your religion is the true one I will become a Christian.' His friend went home with a heavy heart, quite certain that the Jew had chosen a course which could not possibly result in a favorable view of Christianity. The period was very corrupt, and the representatives of Christianity in Rome were at that time, to tell the truth, a 'merry crew' as the world counts merriment. Anxiously he awaited the Jew's return.

"To his utter amazement his Jewish friend upon returning presented himself for Christian baptism. 'But have you been to Rome?' the Christian asked. 'Yes, indeed I have,' replied the Jew. 'Have you seen ——?' 'Oh yes!' said the Jew rather hotly. 'I have seen it all, and this is my judgment. *If your religion can stand that kind of thing and keep going, it simply must be Divine!*'

* * * * * * *

"After reading that story," said the man to the minister, "I realized for the first time in my life what a struggle Christianity has been engaged in, not only against its perpetual foe 'the world' but also against its own unworthy and hypocritical adherents. Yet it has survived with amazing strength and persistence. I seem to see," he went on eagerly, "a ceaseless fountain of Divine Forgiveness and Grace ever playing upon the heart of the church and ever renewing its impulse to self-reform. Christianity, I see now, is the one religion of forgiveness—forgiveness of the church as well as of the individual sinner and of society. I forgive the church, as I hope for and need forgiveness, and I want now to add my strength and faithfulness to her best self."

"Thank God," cried the minister, "that's a most refreshing point of view. May my church, or rather, our church be worthy of such a recruit. Shall we pray together?"

THE WELSHMAN AND THE JEW

The old professor, a minister, a scholar, and saint, climbed into the railway carriage and took his seat opposite a dark-looking man with a pronounced nasal organ

and carrying a pedler's pack. As the train proceeded the keen, wise, kindly eyes of the professor wandered repeatedly to the face opposite to him. Doubtless it was the look of sorrow stamped upon its features, the lines of grief about the eyes and mouth that drew his interest. The professor was also one of those men who are ever on the quest for those who do not share in the best thing of all. "All things to all men that by any means I may save some," might have been his life's motto. Presently he leaned forward and said quietly, "Excuse me, but I believe you are a Jew?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply, "that is so." The tone was apologetic, but the professor said hastily, "Oh, don't apologize, I for one never forget that a Jew was my great Saviour." The statement was made so naturally and quietly that it was stamped with perfect sincerity. The Jew's eyes lighted up with pleasure, and he looked upon the old man whose gentle face was framed in silvery hair with a new respect and interest.

The professor did not press the point but instead asked to be allowed to inspect the good man's wares. "Oh, no, sir," said the man. "You do not need what I carry."

"Yes, yes," gently insisted his determined friend.

And to the amusement of their fellow-passengers the old preacher bought article after article that he insisted would be most useful to him. The example was catching and other passengers took up the idea. The Jew seemed stunned by such kindness.

Presently the junction was reached where the new friends must part.

"If ever you come to Bala," said the professor to the Jew, "you must call and see me, if only for the sake of

Him who was also a Jew. My name is ——" and he mentioned a name which was a household word in Wales in the last generation.

"I will certainly come and see you one day," said his new friend.

Years passed away, and one day a Jewish pedler stopped a man in the main street of Bala and enquired for Mr. ——. "Do I know him?" replied the man, lifting his hat, "every one knows him! He passed away three weeks ago, and Bala misses him sadly."

Tears gathered in the Jew's eyes and coursed slowly down his cheeks, and to the man's surprise he murmured as he turned away these memorable words:

"If I could think that Jesus Christ was of the same spirit as that good man, then I would have him for my Saviour too."

Thus did a kindly act of friendship win a way for the Great Saviour into another human heart.

THE RESCUE OF MOLLIE ELLIS

The thrilling story that once filled the press of how Miss Mollie Ellis was rescued from captivity on the north-west frontier of India by Mrs. H. Starr, has a moral lesson that has not been made as clear as it might be to the public.

Doctor Starr and his wife had lived for many years lives of devoted service to the tribesmen of the frontier. The atmosphere of the frontier had been during that period increasingly one of hatred and fear, caused in part by the use of the aeroplane for dropping bombs upon

native villages. One day Doctor Starr was treacherously murdered. Mrs. Starr's reply to this betrayal was to train herself for the continuation of her husband's medical work, and she went to the very tribe from which his murderer came, and nursed the very man upon his death-bed, wringing his heart to penitence by her forgiveness.

When some months later some tribesmen, taunted by charges of cowardice by their womenfolk, raided a British bungalow, slew Mrs. Ellis, and carried off her daughter Mollie, the British threatened an attack to rescue the girl. The result would probably have been the girl's own death, and the legacy of a fresh feud. But Mrs. Starr, hearing the news, went fearlessly and unarmed to the tribe which had not seen an Englishman for years, and was able to bring away the captive girl and restore her to her father.

So the love that knows no barriers and no fear, once more proved itself not only unconquerable but all-conquering.

REJECTED

There has just come to light a most romantic and noble story in regard to British Missions. A young man some years ago presented himself for foreign service to one of the big missionary societies.[1] He seemed talented and fit in every way but one. A careful medical examination showed him to be unfit for service in foreign climates, and in bitter disappointment he surrendered his hopes.

For long it was a cruel trial to him, and he could not see daylight through the problem. Why had God so

[1] The Baptist Missionary Society of Great Britain.

endowed him whilst leaving him so helpless before this disqualification. He gave himself to prayer, seeking God's meaning. At last he made this resolve: "If then it is God's will for me that I must remain in this country in business, my business shall be the Lord's, and all the profits shall be devoted to his work in foreign lands."

He entered business life. His first year's profit was £75. This he sent to the missionary society. The next year he sent £480, the year following, £1,024, and successively, £2,500, £3,000, and last year, £3,500.

In six years he had paid into the Lord's treasury £10,579 in place of the personal service he had aspired to render. He felt he had found God's meaning and that he was sending a score of men in place of one.

Here is a challenge to other business men indeed.

IN HIS OWN COIN

The English missionary and his wife, with half a dozen native preachers, were busy amongst the vast concourse of pilgrims that flocked annually to the banks of one of the holy rivers of India. They were surrounded by tens of thousands of people, following all kinds of strange devices in their search for supernatural blessing. The attention of the missionary and his wife had been repeatedly and unpleasantly attracted during a long and wearying day by a Hindu charlatan of the worst kind. Surrounded by the paraphernalia of his trade, a little altar, a group of images and a drum, he proclaimed himself a holy man and able to cast out devils. At frequent intervals a man or a group of men would bring to him a

woman. Three times the woman would be compelled to prostrate herself before the holy man with her arms high above her head. After the third obeisance the holy man took a heavy cowhide whip and swinging it with all his strength brought it down repeatedly upon the prostrate woman.

After a thorough beating he would drag his victim to the water's edge, baptize her with an incantation from the filthy stream, and then hold out his hand for payment.

This went on all day till the missionary's wife felt she must scream with the horror of it, and the missionary's blood could stand it no longer. Approaching the holy man and careful to use the flowery language of the East he asked, "And what, O holy one, are you doing here?" He received the reply he expected: "O Father, I am casting devils out of these women." "That reminds me," replied the missionary, looking the other steadily in the eye. "I have watched you for a long time, and I perceive you have a very big devil in you! I propose to help you to get rid of him." With these words the missionary rapidly possessed himself of the great whip. "Down!" he roared, and as the man, terror-stricken, obeyed, "Up!" he roared again. "Down! Up!" and as the third obeisance was completed he gave that fakir the biggest thrashing of his life. Then before he could escape he dragged him by the neck to the edge of the river and, using a bucket, instead of the holy man's little tin cup, he soused the man thoroughly with the greasy water.

As the man rose painfully to his feet he was greeted by the white missionary bowing to him most politely with his hand outstretched for payment!

"Don't you realize," spluttered the wretch at last,

"that you have ruined my business in this fair? How can you expect me to pay you?" "But I reckon," said the missionary, "that I have rid you of a far bigger devil than was in these women. The charge is double." The man was never able to repeat his performance there again, and the story of the white man's daring spread far and wide. The missionary and his colleagues did not await developments, however, but felt themselves fortunate in escaping without retaliation from the more ignorant in the crowd. The missionary felt, however, that for once "muscular Christianity" had been well justified.

THE OPERATION

The case was a serious one and the patient awaited the arrival of the famous woman surgeon with some nervousness. With silent efficiency the nurses flitted here and there making the final preparations. The patient, a woman missionary from China, was dearly loved by them all, and beneath their quiet composure was very real anxiety for the result of this attempt to save a valuable life. Presently the surgeon arrived, and just before the anæsthetic was given she approached the patient. With a cheery "Good-morning!" the surgeon went on to ask, "What is the most beautiful thing you have seen recently?" Back came the prompt reply in a tone of serene conviction, "My husband's face." The surgeon smiled and said: "Yes, of course, but I was thinking of the beauties of Nature. What is your favorite flower, for example?" "There is nothing more beautiful, I think," answered the patient, "than a bush of La France roses,

such as we often see in China." "And what," went on the surgeon, "is the most beautiful thing you have heard lately?" Without the least hesitation the reply was given, "The text my minister preached from on the last Sunday before I came here—'Rest in the Lord.'" "That is indeed beautiful," commented the surgeon. "Now I want you to think of those two things whilst we are fixing up the final arrangements and especially as you take the anæsthetic—La France roses, and 'Rest in the Lord.' Just fill your mind with those two ideas. Will you?" "Certainly," was the ready response.

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Slowly the patient came to. "A splendid operation, madam!" said the sister-in-charge to the surgeon who was still watching the case. But the surgeon had turned swiftly to the patient, for, as she came to consciousness again, she was speaking. "Another rose, please!" she was saying. "Only one more, and the frame is done! It does look beautiful. 'Rest in the Lord!'"

Afterward the patient explained that she had enjoyed during the operation a most delightful dream. She had been busy with the help of her husband decorating a framed text "Rest in the Lord" with La France roses.

"Yes," was the surgeon's comment, "beautiful thoughts are a good recipe for a quiet mind and for a successful operation."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Not many years ago a barrister, clever, wealthy, was proceeding to his office in the city when suddenly as the

crowd thickened round him he felt a hand thrust stealthily into his purse-pocket. With a twist like lightning he seized the thief's wrist and turning looked into the man's face. It was haggard and worn, both by hunger and by fear. The barrister was a man of noble Christian sympathy and quietly he said to the man, "Why did you try to rob me?" "Because, sir," the man replied, "I am out of work and hungry." "Come with me," said the barrister, and he stepped off the side-walk into a restaurant. "Bacon and eggs and tea for two," he ordered and seated himself and his strange guest at a secluded table. Presently the food arrived. "I can't talk to you while you are famished," said Henderson, "fall to and satisfy yourself." When the repast was over the man told his story, an all too common one. He had been imprisoned for a term of years and now as an ex-convict he found himself pursued from job to job by his reputation. Something repeatedly happened to reveal his secret, and men would not trust an ex-convict. "I have no name," he said bitterly, "and no future. No one trusts me or cares for me. Nothing is left to me but to return to a life of crime and rob to live. What can a man do without a name?" This last question seemed to impress the barrister, for after a few moments thought he stood up, drew himself to his full height, and taking the other by the hand looked deep into his eyes. "For forty years," he said, "I have borne the name of James Henderson unsullied. You say you have no name. *I give you mine.* James Henderson! take your name out into the world and keep it, as you receive it, clean and honorable." "Do you mean it?" cried the man brokenly. "Of course I mean it," said the barrister, "and to prove it I will recommend you in the name of

James Henderson to a firm of manufacturers with which I have some influence. Good-bye, James Henderson."

The barrister procured his new friend the post he had promised, and for a few months he kept in touch with him. Then through travel abroad and a change of residence he lost sight and touch of his namesake for some fifteen years.

At the end of that period he returned home one evening to be met with the news that a visitor had called to see him. He looked at the man's card and started at the name "James Henderson" which appeared upon it. Opening the door of his drawing-room he found awaiting him a tall man of striking appearance and evident personality, immaculately dressed, a gentleman as much by the nobility of his features as by his clothes. As they gripped hands and looked at each other the tears started to their eyes even as their faces broke into welcoming smiles. "Sir," said the visitor, "I have called to tell you that today I have been made a partner in the firm to which you recommended me fifteen years ago, and all you see me to be this night I owe to your noble generosity and above all to the gift of your name. The name of James Henderson is still unsullied. God bless you, sir, and reward you."

As the barrister said farewell to his guest after a long talk he found the question running through his mind—If a human name of fair renown can have so great a power for good upon an erring soul, what should be the influence of the Name that is above every name?

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

The minister lingered on the doorstep before knocking. It was a house he always entered now reluctantly. When a soul deliberately puts itself beyond comfort, it is heart-breaking to attempt consolation.

Two years had passed since the only son of this house had made the Great Sacrifice. Now the Armistice and the general hope of a secure peace seemed only to deepen the perpetual shadow on the household. Neither mother nor father could see one gleam of glory in the gray. The general rejoicing added only bitterness to their grief.

As the minister knocked he heard a step, and a young soldier home on leave came up to the door—a fine, strapping, healthy lad, who had seen much service and been a close friend of the boy these people mourned. Together they entered the house and greeted its mistress.

Half an hour later they left together.

For some moments they walked in silence. Presently the lad remarked, "How it would hurt Sam to know his people had taken it like that!" The minister assented sadly. The boy swung round and looked him squarely in the face as he said hotly, "She made me feel as if I had no right to come home or be alive!"

Before that day ended the minister called at another house. Briskly he approached the door and rang without hesitation or fear. For in this house a new glory seemed to dwell.

It dated from just a month before the Armistice, when the news came that the only son and heir, a youth of brilliant promise, had been killed at the front.

The parents had not been very religious till then. But when the dear form they loved so well had pierced "the darkling veil between" it was as though their eyes and heart followed him. A new assurance of the spiritual world and a new discovery of the spiritual life became theirs. Of course, they grieved at first, but at last they resolutely set their minds to gauge the meaning of his and their sacrifice. Especially were they careful to keep a brave smile and a hearty good-will all through the Armistice celebrations. "For," they said, "it was this he died to bring about."

The minister remembered vividly one occasion when he had commiserated the father upon his loss. The man replied: "I don't grieve now. Here am I, almost an old man, and all my life I've longed to do something really noble and definite to bless the world. I tell you, I envy my boy his splendid chance and the brave way he took it."

As the minister walked from the house after his call, there sounded solemnly and grandly in his soul the words, "A garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

BECAUSE HE PRAYED

A Study in Faith

He was a man of sixty years or so. His grizzled hair and beard and jovial face were a familiar sight in the chapel choir. He hadn't much voice to boast of, but, as he said, "With the lads all away, it's up to us old 'uns to do our bit," and his boy, his only boy, had been one of the best singers in the choir.

Although this was the only official position held by him in the little Non-conformist church, he was very well known to most of the congregation, for he interpreted his membership seriously, and was most determinedly friendly with all whom he met. He had one great talent —the art of talking naturally and unaffectedly and freely about things of the soul. For this reason, doubtless, those who had boys at the front or far across the world were glad to speak with him.

"Well," he would say after the services to this friend or that, "we've prayed for them again today so we can carry an easy mind. The Lord will have them in his keeping." And his simple words carried great comfort, for all knew how much his only son meant to this man.

Often in conversation he would catch the tone of sympathy underlying the usual inquiry as to how his son was doing, and, as though conscious of the challenge to his faith, would reply with his brightest smile: "I have prayed for my boy, morning, noon and night since we parted; I have no fear of what may happen. The Lord knows best."

The young minister of the church was grateful for this good man's unconscious help and ministry. This Great-heart, radiating the light and heat of a serene faith, was a constant inspiration to the little community of souls. If he could not sing very well in the choir, he was himself a perpetual song of hope.

It is easy, then, to imagine the grief and pain that the minister felt when he found himself one morning faced by that grim, and yet so usual, task that falls to the minister's lot—the task of breaking the news that death had claimed another "only" son.

The lad had been killed in action on the Somme.

With sinking heart and bruised faith the minister made his way to the good man's home. There could be no doubt of the news. He held in his hand the letter from a chaplain chum who knew the lad and the father, and for that reason had written to him. "Was there, perhaps, presumption and sin," he wondered dully, "in so strong and assertive a faith in prayer that it should be visited with so cruel a reward?" He trembled for the effect of the news, not merely upon the man, but upon the whole church.

He found the man at home—the same bright, happy faith shining in his eyes—a brightness that did not flinch even at the sight of the sad, set features of the minister.

How gently he tried to break the news! It was never unnatural, somehow, to mention Scripture to this man, so he began, "Do you remember that beautiful verse in Romans which speaks about God—giving up—his only Son—freely—for us all?" Then quietly he spoke of the chaplain's letter and its contents.

For a moment the good fellow covered his eyes.

"I know how you have prayed," said the minister. "It is very hard."

Quickly the hand fell from the eyes—quickly those eyes, radiant with a great light, searched the minister's face, and firmly and clearly these great words came: "Sir, you misunderstand. My heart is grieved because it will be so much longer till I see my boy again, but not because I doubt God's love. Because I prayed—just because I put him, morning, noon, and night, in the Lord's hands— I know he can only have gone by the Lord's good will, and I am content. If I had not prayed, then indeed I might have felt that only man's wicked will had done this

thing; but as it is"—(and he lifted his eyes to heaven)—"Thy will be done!"

The minister's heart gave a bound of relief: a wave of reverence and of conviction poured into his soul; he knew he had listened to a great prophetic word of God.

On the following Sunday the "man of faith" was in his usual place in the choir.

THE IMPULSE AND THE VOICE

Not many months ago a woman asked to see a famous London preacher after one of the services in his church. With his customary approachableness he at once received her and was surprised when she said: "Doctor, I have come all the way from Paris to have this interview! My husband has been out of employment for over two years; he is an exceptionally well-qualified teacher and educationalist. At last, thinking a position in France might be discoverable we went to Paris. Our search was still unavailing. But the other day I was seized by the strange impulse to return to England and to come to your church. It was as though a voice said to me by day and by night, 'Go to Doctor —— and tell him.' I may say, Doctor, that all my life I have been trained to pray, and through all our misfortune I have consistently spread this matter before the Lord. Consequently I felt I did not dare to disobey the impulse and the voice. So, here I am."

"Well, madam," said the doctor, deeply interested, "I do not quite see what I can do to help. Perhaps the best thing I can do is to give your husband a letter of introduction to the High Commissioner of one of the Colonies

—the one I know best." This was done and the incident passed from the minister's mind.

Some weeks later he received a letter from the High Commissioner on another matter, but there was a postscript which read: "By the way, the man you sent to me the other day arrived just as I was showing out of my office our Minister for Education who is over here seeking a staff of specially qualified teachers. Your man proved perfectly suited and is leaving England immediately." Scarcely had the minister read this than there were shown into his vestry the lady and her husband come to pay their farewell respects and to thank him. "I was right, you see," cried the lady gaily, "to obey the impulse and the voice." How true it is that "there are more things wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

FATHER AND SON

A certain lawyer had a son. The son cost the lawyer his wife, his beautiful girl-wife, in whose keeping was all his heart. This bitter loss turned the lawyer's soul away from the religious interests of his younger years. "What right had God to take his beloved from him?" Gradually he drifted into atheism. His bitter cynicism took special delight in assailing the faith of others. At his club and elsewhere he became known for his sour, hopeless outlook upon life. His favorite occupation seemed to be the quenching of hope and enthusiasm wherever he went. Often in argument with guests in his home, he would pooh-pooh immortality. "When you're dead," he would say, "you're dead, dead as a door-nail."

Meanwhile his son grew up mostly in the housekeeper's care. Yet not so much that he did not frequently overhear his father's conversations and arguments.

One day the housekeeper requested an interview with the lawyer about his son. The boy, apparently, had been developing the ugly habit of swearing and exercising his ability upon the housekeeper. "You must speak to him, sir," she said at last. "Send him to me," replied the lawyer.

Father and son looked at each other. "How like my dead-and-gone Lucy the boy looks," mused the father. He spoke to the boy seriously of his fault and sent him away. But soon the same complaint was made.

At last, seeking in desperation for some argument that would appeal to this reserved and cold-natured son of his, the lawyer said, "You know, my boy, if your mother was alive, she wouldn't like to hear you talk like that." "But mother isn't alive," said the boy glibly. "She's dead—*dead as a door-nail,*" he went on, proud evidently of being able to repeat his father's own words. Those words struck home to the dead heart of the embittered man and woke it into life. All his being surged up in protest against such words from the lips of *her son.* He leapt to his feet and cried: "She is not dead! Boy! your mother Lucy is alive and hears every word you utter! I have been," he went on brokenly, "a wicked fool and have spoken what is not true. Come, my lad, we'll begin again and see more of each other, and live worthy to be seen by her."

It was a remarkable change. The cynical lawyer became the earnest apostle of hope and faith because he could not bear to see reflected in his son the consequences

of his own unbelief. The way of truest love is ever the way of truest faith.

THE LIGHTED WOUNDS

From records of the Middle Ages there may be discovered some highly interesting stories. Here is one that was unearthed not long ago. In one of the great Italian cathedrals a notable friar belonging to the order of St. Francis, which at that time was but newly founded, was preaching. A great concourse of people filled the noble building to overflowing. The twilight of evening had deepened the heavy shadows of the dimly lit and heavily arched chancel and nave. The friar preached almost in darkness. His theme was "God's Love to Men and Their Response." With the passionate eloquence of the period he pictured God's mighty act of creation, the wonder of his gift of life to men, and the beauty of the earth. More especially, however, he dwelt upon the gift of the only-begotten Son, the matchless beauty of Christ's life amongst men, the glorious redemption offered in him to all who would repent and believe. The friar's earnestness deeply impressed the people, and a solemn stillness hung over the vast assembly. The darkness by this time had deepened still further, and the congregation could only just perceive the outline of the friar's dark-robed figure.

"Now," he proceeded, "let us consider how mankind has responded to the divine goodness and mercy."

With these words he left the pulpit and passed slowly to the altar. From amongst its many candles he chose one and lighted it. The one gleam of pure light amid the

darkness shone upon a great crucifix hung above the altar. Slowly and solemnly and without a word, amid the breathless stillness of that vast throng, the friar raised the candle till it lit up first one wound, then another, in the feet, the hands, the side, and finally the sacred head, of the Crucified.

There the light lingered a moment, and the hush deepened upon the awestruck congregation. Then he blew out the light, and sat down. The sermon was over. The stillness was broken only by audible sobs and deep sighs of contrition from a people stricken with shame and penitence.

THE SINGER AND THE SONG

> There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we may.

A celebrated woman singer volunteered during the Great War to sing to British troops. Among the many thrilling stories of her experience the following is in some aspects the most pathetic and inspiring:

Very early after commencing her great ministry of song she was singing at a big training-camp in the heart of England. According to her invariable custom she invited the men to write their requests on slips of paper and place them upon the piano. Amongst the slips there was one which contained the words "Will you please sing 'Does Jesus Care?'" The lady had met the hymn only once before but remembered that it was in the Torrey-Alexander hymn-book. After considerable hunting about one was procured, and she speedily memorized the music and words and sang the hymn as requested. Although

she shook hands with all the men in the large hut as they left, no one spoke to her about the hymn.

Several months later the same lady was singing at Chatham to a number of troops due to leave for France the following morning. Amongst the slips of paper on the piano there appeared the question again, "Will you please sing 'Does Jesus Care?'" There was no need this time to hunt for the book. The lady immediately sang in glorious tones the comforting message of that simple hymn, while the men sat as if spell-bound.

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A few weeks passed away. The singer was now in France herself, often standing in the roads leading to the trenches and singing to the passing troops.

One night in a large Y. M. C. A. hut, in a base town not far from the lines, she was singing to troops who were under orders to leave that very night to reenforce the front-line trenches. Looking through the notes placed on the piano she was startled to find again in the same handwriting, "Will you please sing 'Does Jesus Care?'" She speedily complied with the request and afterwards said: "This is the third time I have had this request from the same soldier. May I have the privilege of speaking to him after the concert?"

When the proceedings were over a young soldier came to her and explained that years ago that hymn had been blessed to him in one of Doctor Torrey's Missions, and he thanked her for singing it so readily. They both felt the strangeness of their meeting so repeatedly and felt that a divine providence was emphasizing the meaning of the hymn.

Some months afterwards this same lady was visiting a

big hospital in order to sing to the patients. In ward after ward she wielded her magic pain-relieving ministry. Then the sister asked if she would be willing to sing in the isolation ward where only the hopeless and most extreme cases were kept. The singer declares that she can never describe or forget the sad sights in that ward. One man, she was told, had been very anxious to speak to her ever since he heard that she was coming. They drew aside the curtains of a bed where the man was kept in semidarkness. He was very ill, they said, hardly likely to live more than an hour or so. In a faint whisper he said to the singer, "Will you please—sing—'Does—Jesus —Care?'" Looking closer she saw that it was her friend of the previous meetings—now lying at death's very door. Controlling her emotion she went to the piano and softly and sweetly there stole out upon the air of that room of pain, the tender message of the Love of Jesus. Whilst she sang he passed away. The Divine Love which had kept pace with him every step of the way had opened the gates of pearl to his tortured spirit.

Is it any wonder that the singer loves that hymn above all others?

AN INSPIRED MEMORY[1]

Some years ago there rode into a wild little township of Western Australia, in the region known as the "outback," a young minister. It was his first pastorate and the first attempt to represent the Christian church in that neglected and sparsely populated district. The drinking-

[1] The facts of this story came to the writer from the Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher, a famous Australian minister, by whose kind permission it appears here.

saloon and gambling-hall had been in long possession—the church had arrived all too late upon the scene. By his plucky attacks, however, upon the population of the settlement, the young sky-pilot soon gathered together a band of the better sort of men. They began to build a wooden church. Materials were not plentiful, and a lot of the interior was composed of packing-case wood. When finished it was rather interesting to notice here and there upon the flooring such legends as "Hudson's Soap," "Sunlight," etc. By accident or design the floor of the pulpit bore the words "Beware! Dynamite!"

Thus a healthy Christian work was begun. The cause, however, had one especial foe. He was a man of notorious reputation, a hard drinker, an inveterate gambler, and, unhappily, a man whose delight it was to lead the inexperienced and innocent into evil. This man declared publicly his opposition to the "preaching-shop," his contempt for all sacred things. "If the 'sky-pilot' comes to my shanty," he said, "I'll kick him out."

One memorable day this man discovered a spot upon his face that disquieted him. He turned into the one surgery that the little town boasted, to consult the doctor. Later on he came running out of it mad with rage and fear. Hurrying to the saloon he began to drink furiously. Presently he was telling every one with oaths and curses that he'd got cancer of the face and had been given only a few weeks to live. Armed with whisky bottles and raving drunk, he reeled home to his shanty to "drink himself," so he proclaimed, "to death!"

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A day or two later the sky-pilot took a wide circuit of the district on horseback, preaching at various outlying home-

steads. In the deepening dusk of evening he was riding slowly home, and his course led him past the little shack where the drunken atheist lived. He could not help but think of the man, and of his tragic plight. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, memory lit up his mind with a scene from the past. He was seated in a large church in Melbourne. The huge congregation filled the building to overflowing. There was a movement in the choir, and a man stood up to sing. In a magnificent baritone voice he sang that greatest of songs, Gounod's "There Is a Green Hill Far Away." As with his mind's eye the minister looked upon the singer's face, he was startled to find himself looking at the very man who there in that town was his implacable enemy. The singer and the atheist were the same man. The shock of the discovery caused the minister to jerk his horse's head violently round. He rode straight up to the shanty door and rapped sharply upon it with his riding-crop. It was the face of a madman that looked out from the partly open door. The eyes of the drunkard fairly blazed with anger as they took in the fact that this visitor was the sky-pilot. But before the oath was uttered, or any attempt at violence made, the young minister said quietly: "I don't want to upset you, mate, but I wanted to tell you that I once heard a man sing in —— Church in Melbourne,

> There is a green hill far away,
> Without a city wall,
> Where the dear Lord was crucified,
> Who died to save us all.

You were that man, mate!" he continued.

The drunken fury died out of the man's face. "Come

in," he said hoarsely. Then later: "Yes! I was the man —God help me—I can't sing it now."

And there in that rough little shack, the "sky-pilot" had the supreme joy of leading that wretched soul who had fallen so far from virtue and decency, back to Him who is the only refuge at last of the sinful soul.

Some weeks later the poor fellow died. But those weeks were far happier for him than many of the preceding years.

When his body was laid to rest in the little God's Acre outside the town, nearly everybody was present, and after the minister had told the story of how God had inspired his memory, they all joined in singing:

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE

The Story of a Modern St. Paul

He was a theologian of world-wide repute, professor in a famous European university, the writer of unique books of New Testament erudition. But beyond all this, he was a simple follower of Christ, and his compassion for humanity could not be bound by centers of learning and culture. Beyond civilization he caught the vision of the unhappy child-races of mankind. He yearned to teach to these the Love Divine.

So surrendering his proud position in the world of theology, he left his professional appointment and offered himself to a well-known missionary society. The society, however, was cautious. The learned man's theology was modern and famous. "We cannot accept you," they said. "But I do not want to teach these people theology," he protested, "I want to show them the love of Christ." At last, compelled to yield something to his evident earnestness, they said, "We could accept you if you were a doctor—not otherwise." To which the modern St. Paul replied simply, "Very well, then I will be a doctor." But to become a doctor requires money, and he had been too good a Christian to amass wealth. His genius, however, was not limited to the queen of sciences, he was also a musician. Such a musician was he indeed that before long the capitals of Europe hastened in their crowds to listen to him. Few people recognized in the increasingly famous musician the already famous theologian. Having made music serve his turn and the good of distant backward races, he took his medical degree in the shortest

possible time. Some years ago he presented himself, duly qualified for acceptance by that same missionary society, and since then has been buried in one of the blackest parts of Africa.

For love of that Missionary who left heaven for earth he has sacrificed a life of culture and ease amid the most refined of his race, to serve the deep spiritual need of a savage people. It is a noble sacrifice of which the fruitage will be awaited with eager interest by all the world.

MANDOMBI

A Negro's Sacrifice for Humanity

There has recently been unveiled in the Princess Beatrice Ward of the London Hospital a tablet to the memory of Mandombi, late chief of Nigeria, Africa. The story is a remarkable instance of self-sacrifice by a member of the so-called "backward races" on behalf of the rest of the world. About thirty years ago Mandombi became a Christian under the influence of the late Doctor Grattan Guinness and shortly afterwards was smitten with the terrible scourge of tropical countries "sleeping sickness." With this sad fate upon him Mandombi conceived the idea of making the rest of his life one great sacrifice for mankind. He therefore communicated to Doctor Guinness his desire that he might be made a subject of experiment for the benefit of other sufferers. He was brought to England and installed in the London Hospital under the care of the late Sir Stephen Mackenzie. This was the first appearance in England of beri-beri and it was admitted solely in the interests of science. The

House Physician, Arthur St. le Fagan, examined the blood of the patient every four hours for two months. This research was rewarded by the eventual discovery of the trypanosome which is the chief cause of the disease. It was not found possible to save the chief's life, but through his thoughtful self-devotion literally millions of lives, both white and black, have since been saved. When recently it was proposed to erect this permanent tribute to the black chief's valor it was found that no record even of Mandombi's name was in the books of the hospital. The reason for this turned out to be that Sir Stephen Mackenzie, knowing the great importance of the matter, had taken away all the charts and documents and dates of the case for lecture purposes. These have never been recovered, but fortunately Doctor Fagan is still alive and in practise, and was able to come to the hospital and point to the very bed in which Mandombi lay—looking southward to his native land. His story reminds us once more that the way of progress is ever the way of sacrifice.

A DRUNKARD'S PRAYER

The Y. M. C. A. hut of a large base-camp in France was packed to the doors to hear the new chaplain who had arrived from England only a few hours before.

How heartily the men sang the old songs, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," and "Lead, Kindly Light," and how reverently quiet they were during the reading and the prayer! The chaplain had just got going on his address when suddenly a corporal—absolutely drunk—pushed his way into the hut, bawling at the top

of his voice a comic song. "Shut up!" cried several of the men. "Pitch him out!" cried others wrathfully. "Leave him alone, men!" cried the padre. "Let's see what he'll do!" The drunken fellow stumbled up a narrow lane between the men to the platform, saying in a thick voice, "I can sing as well as any o' you, I know!" "And preach too, guv'nor," he added as he caught sight of the chaplain. "Lemme try." "Come on," the padre said, to the astonishment of the men. "Let's see what you can do, mate."

With a broad grin and some difficulty the poor chap climbed on to the platform. When he at last stood before the crowd he said with a drunken laugh: "Now, padre, what'll it be? A song, a sermon, or a prayer?" Under a strong sense of inspiration, and fighting down his natural repulsion at the idea, the padre replied, "You'd better pray, my son." The man looked sobered for an instant, and then he shut his eyes. "Let us pray," said the chaplain, and a hush fell over all the men.

The corporal controlling his speech with difficulty, began "O God!" There was a long silence. "O God!" he started again. Then another long spell of silence. Then came a sob that rent the hearts of all. The fellow's head sank upon his hands—he half-turned to the padre whose arms went round him in an instant. In broken tones the man sobbed out: "I had a good mother, sir—Once—she taught me —" he could get no further. "Let us pray," said the chaplain once again, and in strong but tender tones he commended the man and his comrades to the God of Mercy who understands and in Christ "was tempted in all points like we are, yet without sin." The padre thanked God for the old home, for sainted mothers

and honest fathers. There was no sermon that night—but the corporal's soul was given to Christ and many another man's too.

The corporal was never drunk again, and during his stay with that battalion the chaplain had no truer friend nor more willing helper in all his work than he.

THE STEADYING HAND[1]

With a dull roar the trench suddenly blew up. Earth, men, dug-outs, guns, traverses, equipment, rose in the air together. Presently a young lieutenant picked himself out of the debris, surprised to find himself alive and unhurt. Other unrecognizable and covered forms were struggling for freedom about him. Before long he discovered that about half the men in that section of the line had been put out of action, and all his superior officers had been killed.

The command now devolved upon him, an untried subaltern of but twenty-one years. The burden of this fresh responsibility coming upon the shock of the explosion made him tremble like an aspen leaf. The further discovery that a German attack was imminent did not add to his self-possession. In telling the story afterward he declares that he was utterly unnerved and unfit for his great task. Desperately seeking for some help he fell to praying. He prayed as he had never done before. Previously to the war he had been a very nominal adherent

[1] The writer gives this true story as it came to him. He does not regard it as giving any sanction to war. This youth was conscientious in his attitude, doing his duty according to his light, and able therefore to pray genuinely, leaving larger issues to the God to whom he prayed.

of religion. He could never somehow feel that religion was a real thing. He was the last lad in the world whom one would associate with devotional exercise. Yet in this supreme crisis he could do nothing but pray, pray, pray!

And then, as he prayed, to use his own words: "It was as if a beloved fellow-officer stood beside me, as though a steadying hand were gripping me by the shoulder. A fresh and delightful burst of courage filled my heart, and I felt suddenly not only equal to the occasion but elated at the possibility of success. My prayer was answered with a rapidity and a thoroughness that filled me with awe. The Great Companion was with me—I felt him there."

The young officer came safely through the war and returned to his own home and church, but how different a man! Now "the only thing," he says, "worth talking about is religion," and the supreme endeavor of his life henceforth is the constant realization of that sacred presence which came so wonderfully to his aid in his time of need.

THE QUARREL AND ITS SEQUEL

Two men set out, in the early days of gold-prospecting in Australia, to find gold. For many days they pursued their quest in happy fellowship. But week after week went by without success. Their resources were gradually reduced till there was scarcely enough to eat, and soon their tempers became as short as their rations. Time after time they thought they were surely on the edge of a great discovery of gold, and time after time they found

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themselves mistaken. No mirage in the desert was ever more insubstantial than their hope seemed to be.

At last one day the ceaseless irritation and weariness of their lot broke in a furious quarrel. From words they passed to blows until from sheer exhaustion they could fight no more. Still they stumbled on in each other's company, too weary and spent even to quarrel.

At last in their wanderings they came out upon a river, and as they staggered along its bank one of the men, seized with sudden anger, struck the other a murderous and cowardly blow and sent him toppling into the stream. Fortunately the river was shallow at that point, and beyond a thorough drenching and sousing in the silted mud of the river-bottom, the man was little the worse for the blow. Blazing with wrath he staggered out of the river, a mass of mud from head to foot. He rushed at his opponent intent on taking his revenge, when he was suddenly arrested by the other's gaze. The man's eyes were nearly starting out of his head. "Look!" he cried hoarsely, "look! look!" and his voice rose to a scream: "Gold!" And then he sat down and cried like a child. The other looked down at himself and found that the mud that was upon him was speckled all over with gold-dust. They had made their great find in the hour of their greatest misery. In the joy of it they speedily forgot their differences, and working together to secure the treasure of the river all the old sweet friendship revived.

Is there no parable for the times in this story? Has not the tragedy of the Great War brought to light a wonderful treasure—a treasure long and painfully sought for—the vision of a United World, of a League of Humanity that shall make noble peace the permanent pro-

gram of mankind. If only all the nations would turn their efforts solely upon that great goal they would speedily forget their mutual wrongs and differences in seeking the ample compensation of the Golden Age.

THE STATUE OF THE ANDES

Will the twentieth century see the abolition of war? Certainly the century began with a remarkable incident which might well be viewed as a happy omen of such a consummation. One of the most impressive triumphs of peace marked its opening years. During the year 1900 war became imminent between Chile and Argentina. These two neighboring republics began to make huge preparations for bloody conflict. Heavy war-taxes were imposed, munitions of war were feverishly manufactured. But at Eastertide of that year a certain Argentinian bishop named Benavente made a great appeal at Buenos Aires, that war should be avoided and that the Spirit of Him who died for all should be allowed to mediate between the two nations. His words made so deep an impression that he was led to start on a pilgrimage of peace up and down the land. It was not long before news of his efforts crossed the border, and a Chilean bishop took up the challenge, and started a similar crusade for peace amongst his own countrymen. The movement spread rapidly in both republics, and the mass of the people became convinced of the wickedness and futility of war. Great petitions were sent in to the Governments; and so strong and evident was the desire for peace that action was practically forced upon them. After

some discussion the Governments both agreed to invite King Edward VII of Britain to arbitrate between them. The result was an agreement upon the matter under dispute and a treaty pleasing to both peoples. In 1902 this was followed up by a further treaty undertaking to settle all disputes for the next ten years in the same way. In 1912 that treaty was renewed.

The immediate effect, however, of the arbitration was an immense outburst of popular enthusiasm for peace, due in part to the great relief felt at the removal of the burden of war-taxes and armaments. So great was the popular demand for some expression of gratitude that to commemorate so signal a triumph of the peace-spirit, a great bronze statue of Christ was cast, in the metal of scrapped guns. It was carried, at the cost of immense labor, to the highest pass over the Andes, the mountain-range separating the two countries, and there set up on the boundary-line. The ceremony of dedication on March 13, 1904, will never be forgotten. Amid scenes of great rejoicing the Chilean and Argentinian military bands and escorts passed over on to each other's soil, and the statue was reverently unveiled. It is a life-size figure of Christ, *with his feet resting upon the globe of the earth,* a prophecy of world-wide triumph. Inscribed on the base of the statue are these memorable words:

> Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.

If the nations of the world could but remember, in the hour of threatened dispute, this Divine Figure standing

above the world, appealing to all men to submit to the mediation of the Prince of Peace!

THE LIGHT IS ONE

A Parable

There is an ancient story worth reviving of certain travelers, men of differing religions, who were climbing a certain sacred and lofty hill. As the summit was their common goal it was not surprising that as they neared it they should meet. Dusk was falling fast, and as the night descended each man lit carefully the lantern that he carried that he might the better see the way. As they journeyed together their talk concerned their varied religious beliefs, and before long they were busy disputing the truth of one another's faith. The quarrel grew sharper and sharper. Their voices rose in hot accusation and fell in sullen retort. Each man claimed with arrogant pride that his faith was the only true one and that the other men were following a false quest. So fierce did the dispute become that the travelers were on the verge of breaking from their common path and each man seeking to continue his journey alone. But suddenly One stood before them in the way, his arms outstretched as though to greet them with a common embrace, his hands and feet printed with wounds. "Why dispute ye?" he asked in a voice as of quiet music. When they told him of their quarrel, he replied: "O foolish, what carry ye in your hands? Behold these lanterns. One, I see gives forth a red ray, another green, another blue, and another yellow! Bring them to me!" As they obeyed He opened each man's

lantern. "See!" he exclaimed, "the differing colors are caused by the differing glass in each lantern—the same white light shines at the heart of each. Even so," he said, "the light of truth is one. One only is your Master, and all ye are brothers." And he led them to the summit they were seeking.

THE RINGLEADER

The sky-pilot looked round his church with something like despair in his soul. He had come to the out-back settlement as the first minister of a rather fine new church erected by the society he represented, which strove to provide for the spiritual needs of the outlying districts of Australia. It had been a great event for the settlement, this coming of a minister and the opportunity of regular services. The older people attended with fair regularity, appreciating a means of grace they had lacked for years, and which revived the sweeter memories of their youth. The young men, however, were conspicuous by their absence, and it was this which caused such disappointment to the minister. The long neglect of these people spiritually had meant the growing up of lads and girls in a godless atmosphere with habits rigidly set in a contrary direction to that of worship and church-attendance. He learned that gambling and drinking were the order of the day every Sunday among the young men of the community, and he seemed unable to touch them. Long and earnestly did he wrestle with God in prayer about it. One Sunday the answer came. One of his deacons rushed into the little vestry, just before the service, exclaiming excitedly, "Bert Hutchings is here!" Every one was

startled, and the minister's heart leaped with hope. Everybody knew Bert Hutchings. Crippled, thin, and insignificant-looking, he nevertheless carried such a spirit within him that he was easily the ringleader of the boys of the town. Though he was too handicapped physically to play any sport, he was the organizer, the secretary, the enthusiast in all their sports, the inspiration of every mischievous prank, the uncrowned king of the entire youth of the neighborhood. It was the spell of an exceptionally forceful personality.

Silently the minister prayed that he might preach as he had never done before, for the winning of Bert Hutchings.

The service over, the sky-pilot was wise enough to take no especial notice of the visitor, but later in the week they met face to face in the town. It was Bert Hutchings who spoke first. "Say, minister," he said bluntly, "you don't get a big audience a' Sundays." "That's true," replied the minister ruefully, "I wish the young men would come along." "Would you like 'em to come, sir?" asked Bert. "Would I not?" was the swift reply. "Well! look here," said the cripple confidently, "if you'll get that gallery of yours cleaned up and decently lighted, I'll see the boys come next Sunday." The minister gasped with astonishment and promptly clinched the bargain.

His deacons flatly refused to believe him at first when he told them of Bert Hutchings' promise. But the gallery was thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and every preparation made for the great event. It was a thrilling experience for the minister the following Sunday night to see a crowd of the most reckless and dissolute youth of the neighborhood occupying the gallery, with the mas-

terful little cripple seated as monarch in the midst. There was no disorder and no irreverence, and Sunday after Sunday proved that the new attachment was real.

After some months Bert Hutchings was missing from his seat. On inquiring the minister found that he was desperately ill with pneumonia. Bert grew steadily worse, and at last the end came. But before the end the minister had the joy of knowing, that though few words had passed between them personally on the subject of religion, nevertheless Bert was right with God. He sent a final message to the boys to "carry on," and when at last the whole of that little township stood round the brave lad's grave many a silent vow was registered to follow faithfully the best "lead" that their ringleader had ever given them.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE

Many years ago, there lived in a French village two men, Jean the bell-founder and his partner Mathias. Engaged in the same honorable and highly respected trade, they were for some years bosom friends. Both, however, became suitors for the hand of a charming maiden, the beauty of the surrounding district. Gradually a coolness sprang up between the men, which the fickle favoring-by-turn of first one and then the other on the maiden's part did not diminish. During this increasing rivalry in love, there devolved upon these two men a specially important task.

The local monastery boasted a peculiarly powerful and beautiful bell, named by the countryside, for some ob-

scure reason, Rosamonde. This bell became so cracked and injured that a new one was required in its place, and Jean was entrusted with the sacred work. For weeks Jean and Mathias toiling together at the making of the new giant bell, almost forgot their mutual jealousy. One day however, as the two men were working beside the mighty vat of molten metal in which the new Rosamonde was to take form, Mathias recklessly boasted of the progress he had made with the fair one. Jean, flaming into anger, struck him a savage blow and Mathias, losing his balance, fell headlong into the burning liquid mass below them. As he fell, his voice rang out in a horrified shriek for help. "Save me, Jean! Save me!" But before the stupefied Jean could move a limb, the tragedy was over, and his rival and friend was hidden for ever in the molten pool.

Then, fear of detection laid hold of Jean's soul, and he spread a report that Mathias had been suddenly called away to visit distant and newly found rich relatives and might not ever return again.

With appalling effrontery, Jean proceeded with the making of the new bell, and in due course the new and greater Rosamonde was hung with due ceremony in the belfry tower of the old monastery.

The maiden, piqued at Mathias's departure and enamored of the fame of the bell-maker, yielded to Jean's wooing at last, and on the day when Rosamonde's chimes were heard for the first time, they were married.

Their happiness, however, was short-lived. It had been too dearly purchased. For, whenever the mighty tongue of Rosamonde spoke over the countryside, Jean seemed flung into a fit of fear and awful depression. People at

last began to remark that every one seemed pleased with the new bell excepting the maker of it. Then came the final and tragic sequel.

One night, as the bell was tolling vespers, a wild-eyed man pushed past the keeper of the belfry tower and sprang up the ladders which led right up to the swinging monster of the tower. As he climbed, the onlookers heard him muttering: "All right, Mathias! I'm coming. I'll save you, Mathias! Don't keep calling so! I'm coming!" Up and up the swaying figure lurched, until right under great Rosamonde, he leaned farther and farther out from the ladder, as though he would clasp that brazen tongue of judgment in his arms. Slowly the great bell swung down upon him, its mighty voice uttering its message. "I'm here, Mathias!" the madman yelled, as he was struck into eternity.

Thus did conscience prove itself once more the inescapable "hound of heaven."

"THE POWER OF LOVE"

It happened in Belgium in the long ago. The young blacksmith looked up from his forge, with beating heart. Yes! she was there again—the young English Miss!—standing at the door of the forge, watching him at his work. Their eyes met across the firelit gloom, and sparks of a subtler fire flashed between their souls. Thus began a friendship which gradually ripened into love. She was the daughter of a famous English painter who was making holiday in the neighborhood. Daintily reared and delicately trained, she was perhaps for that reason

the more attracted by this handsome young Colossus of the Forge.

Their happy dream sped on, until one cruel day it was ended abruptly. The young blacksmith sought her hand in marriage, from her father. His calling was humble, but his business was thriving, and its discomforts and grime would be limited to himself. But the proud Englishman would not hear of it, for more reasons than one. One of these reasons was that he loved passionately his own profession, and he had sworn that his beautiful daughter should not marry outside it. Her husband must be like himself, a painter of acknowledged merit. It was a case of sheer parental tyranny, but fathers were tyrannous in those days. It had, however, a curious sequel.

For days the youth was plunged into despair. He would look at his huge hands and murmur bitterly, "A painter!" But love was strong in his heart, and there is no creator of talent like love. The blacksmith began to study the more delicate art of painting. To the astonishment of himself, as well as others, his progress was rapid. Love lent a divine fever of energy to his efforts, no toil was too prolonged, no attention too exacting for him. He had a noble prize to attain.

After some years his name stood in every one's mouth as that of one of the foremost artists of his day. His great end was attained, and the father's whim and the girl's faithfulness shared the honor of having transformed a blacksmith into a world-famous painter. Such is the power of love.

To this day, people will cross the world to see the famous masterpieces in Antwerp, Brussels, and Paris, painted by Quentin Matsys, Flemish blacksmith and

artist. If human love can so inspire and transform, what should not Divine love be capable of when truly believed and returned?

BLACK CHIVALRY

The missionary's widow lived alone, so far as white companionship was concerned, in the little mission-house on the hill. After the ten year's devoted work of her husband amongst this African tribe, and knowing how deeply his heart had been set on winning them, she could not leave them. So she toiled on in that solitude and isolation which is one of the missionary's supreme sacrifices. The gray-haired "Missy" as the natives termed her, kept every pet scheme and effort of her husband's going strongly, though it meant ceaseless effort. The years sped by, and nothing but the utmost friendliness characterized the attitude of the black chief, a man of famous name, and his subjects toward the "White Missy."

Then one morning, ere the dawn broke, she was startled to discover on the verandah that ran round the house, armed soldiers of the chief. She had felt unable to sleep and had risen to do some urgent correspondence. Then drawn by the sunrise, she had suddenly opened the door and stepped on to the low balcony—only to start back alarmed to find, standing stiff and silent, one of the chief's own body-guard. Others were on other sides of the house. Calling the head-man she inquired rather brusquely the meaning of such intrusion. The black's answer was simply to the effect that they had been there night after night for some little time, but had only now

been discovered. There was in the district a man-eating tiger which they had not yet succeeded in capturing, and the chief had arranged for the mission-house to be watched by day and closely guarded by night without the "White Missy" being alarmed. A day or so later the creature was captured, and its handsome skin presented to the mission-house.

That was not the only occasion, however, upon which the "White Missy" was the object of unobtrusive and watchful chivalry on the part of the black chief. The second occasion carries with it a world of meaning—and a criticism of the shadier side of the white man's civilization that all missionary enthusiasts cannot fail to endorse.

In all her experience this gentle and attractive lady had no cause for complaint against her black neighbors. Then one morning she again discovered herself guarded as jealously as before, but this time with greater numbers. The reason? "Please, Missy, much white men in village —bad lot—much drink—Chief hope you not mind his sending soldiers."

With flushed face the "White Missy" turned away, sick at heart for the shame that some "whites" bring upon their color. The thought in her heart was this:

"It is not the color of the skin that matters—but the hue of the soul."

A KINGLY DEED

There is a very pretty and true story told of King George of England. It often happens that the children of missionaries are born far away from England, and great indeed is their excitement when the time of

furlough comes round with the long journey to the great little country they have heard about all through their young lives. A certain missionary working in China and preparing for his furlough, in a somewhat rash moment promised his three children, all of whom had been born in China, that he would take them to see the King of England when they went to the home country.

Month after month of their half-year's holiday went by, and no suitable occasion of seeing His Majesty had occurred. The children began to say to him: "You promised, father! You promised."

At last the missionary wrote to the Lord Chamberlain of Buckingham Palace explaining the situation, and that his little folk did not want to leave England without seeing their king. "Could he say just when the King might be driving out of the Palace or into it, that they might be at the gate and so catch sight of him?"

He received in reply a letter simply saying that if he would call at the palace with his children at such an hour on a certain day he would have the opportunity of seeing His Majesty.

The little party called at the stated hour and were invited into the palace and conducted to one of its most beautiful rooms. There after a few moments the King came to them in person and chatted with them all for a little while. It was more than any of them had hoped, and the children were simply delighted. The memory of that conversation will cheer many an hour of their exile in a distant land.

It is by such acts of thoughtful and generous consideration that King George proves himself the People's King in a truer sense than any previous monarch.

CHRISTOS ANESTI

The Old Greek Priest's Story

A traveler in Asia Minor at the end of 1921 brings home the following story which must have a special delight for American readers.

"Whilst talking," he says, "to some of the refugees I was surprised and delighted to meet an old friend—a Greek priest—whom I had known many years before. He was just a typical Greek priest, like one meets everywhere in the Near East. His coat, once black, was now green with the rays of many summers; his hands were hard with toil, as were the hands of the Galilean fishermen, for his little flock were poor, and he shared their poverty. In imagination I can see him now, as I have so often seen him in reality, his kindly old wrinkled face eloquent testimony of a life of devotion and self-denial in the service of the little flock which Christ had committed to his care. My memory went back many years, and I could still see him at the Horea Pyle—the Beautiful Gate of the Altar—imparting his blessing to his spiritual children. And as I recalled those earlier days I clasped both his hands. Reversing the usual process, for, in the East it is customary to kiss the hand of the stewards of the Holy Mysteries, he would have kissed my hand. But I would not allow that, and when we had both mastered our emotion, he told me the story of the long years since we had met.

"And this is the wonderful story the old priest told me. A band of Turks had one day descended on his village. Together with a remnant of his little flock, he had man-

aged to escape. For days they had wandered, footsore and weary, living on herbs and the leaves of trees. Some of them died by the way, and were laid to rest with the rites of the church they had loved so well in life, and for which they had suffered so cruelly during the long Turkish night. At last some of them refused to go any further. The old priest reasoned with them, and told them of the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows. But they would not listen to him. 'There is no Christ,' they said, 'he is dead, and it is better that we die too, and end all our misery.'

"Then, shortly afterwards, as if by accident, the little band stumbled on the tracks of some American Near East Relief workers. When the old priest saw the American flag, he pointed to it, and with the tears streaming down his face, cried: 'See, my children, it is not true, He is not dead—*Christos anesti!* Christ is risen!' When the weary wanderers understood what had happened, they fell on each other's necks, and sobbed, *Alithos anesti,* 'He is risen indeed.'

"It is customary in all countries to associate the flag with military and naval victories. We decorate those who have shown valor on the field of battle, and raise monuments to the fallen. This is good, and it is only natural that we should honor those to whom we owe so much. But there is other glory than military or naval glory, and we sometimes forget this fact. But in all my experience, in all my reading, I have never heard of a greater tribute being paid to any flag than that of my old Greek priest. I shall never see him again, but I shall never forget him.

"Every time I see the Stars and Stripes I raise my hat to his memory and to the honor of the Flag that symbol-

ized to him and to the little body of martyrs, the Risen Christ—*Christos anesti!*"

BROTHERHOOD INVINCIBLE

The following impressive story was received from the lips of a wounded French soldier by an English padre during the recent Great War. The Frenchman described a very touching and dramatic experience.

"Near me," he said, "lay two soldiers both mortally wounded. One a Bavarian, young and fair-haired, had a gaping wound in the stomach. The other, a young Frenchman, had been hit in the side and head.

"Both were in great pain, growing paler and paler. I saw a feeble movement on the part of the Frenchman, who painfully slipped his hand under his coat for something hidden away under his breast. He drew out a little silver crucifix which he pressed to his lips. In a weak but clear voice he uttered an Ave Maria: 'Hail Mary, full of grace.'

"The Bavarian immediately opened his blue eyes which were already glazing with death. He feebly turned his head toward the Frenchman and with a look, not of hate, but of friendliness, finished the prayer the other had begun: 'Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of death.'

"The eyes of the two met, and they understood. They were two Christians who, companions in misfortune, desired to die with naught but the Christian spirit within them. The Frenchman held out his crucifix to the other, who kissed it, and then taking him feebly by the hand

the French soldier said, 'Having both served our countries let us go to God reconciled.' The other smiled his agreement.

"As their spirits fled together the setting sun cast its ray of glory on their blood-stained bodies. It was as though," concluded the teller of the story, "God smiled upon their new discovery of brotherhood."

THE DEFENSELESS SHEEP

An Ancient Fable Reclothed

Once in the long ago a sheep lifted its face to God and complained of the wickedness and cruelty of wild beasts and of men toward him and toward his kind.

God listened in deepest sympathy, for he "loveth all things, great and small."

But to the gentle sheep's lament, God replied,

"Very well, I will give you the fierce teeth of the wolf that you may bite again."

"Nay, nay," cried the sheep, "make me not like so foul and cruel a foe. I might become wolfish had I a wolf's fangs."

"Then will I give you the claws of the lion that you may fear no creature."

"I pray thee, no, O Lord," cried the sheep again. "Such sharp talons are too strong a temptation. I too might tear the innocent. Besides, many creatures that now love me would flee from me."

"Then it must be the sting of the serpent," said the Creator.

"Indeed, indeed, if thou wilt have mercy—no, my

Lord," protested the sheep once more. "To throw poison into another's life I could not endure to do. To become the feared and hated snake would break my heart."

"But, dear creature mine," said the Lord, "if you would not be hurt you must hurt again."

"Then, dear Lord," replied the sheep, "forgive my prayer and take no heed to my complaint. I see now that it is better to suffer wrong than to inflict it, and to be loved is better than to be feared."

"So be it," murmured the Divine Voice, "I, too, am called the Lamb."

THE PORTRAITS

It was a seacoast town and through its darkened streets a white-faced lad in khaki took his disconsolate way. The light from an open church-door attracted him, and presently the singing lured him in. It was Sunday evening, and he had a few hours of leisure before returning to the camp just outside the town. Inside the church it was at least bright and reminiscent of home. How far away home seemed! Farther off than ever since he began to follow the bad habits of some of his associates. Drink and gambling were nothing to him now, and more than once he had trembled on the brink of shame deeper still. He listened to the preacher very hungrily. Here was a man set apart to help fellows like him; surely he should be worth hearing. And indeed he was. He seemed to be speaking for him alone. He understood the perils that beset the lonely souls coming far away from kith and kin; he spoke sympathetically of the brave struggle that many made against the quadruple alliance of hard disci-

pline, fearful monotony, riotous leisure, and abundant temptations. Finally, the preacher invited any one in his audience who wanted advice to speak with him after the service.

The boy lingered behind the others and shook hands shyly with the minister. The latter, however, was quick to see how much more was behind the handshake, and casually invited him home for a bit of supper. After supper there came the talk. The boy spoke of the temptations of the army life and hinted at a confession he would like to make. The minister stopped him. "Before we go any further," he said, "have you any photographs on you?" The soldier produced two—one of his mother—the other of his sweetheart. The minister looked at the faces, both of them were good, rich in character. Silently he placed them side by side upon the mantelpiece, from which height they looked down upon the boy and the man. Then turning to the lad the minister said, "Now let us talk, with those faces looking into ours."

For some moments the lad could not speak; then it came in a flood—the whole story of how he had fought and failed, and especially of that awful homeless feeling that comes to the soul which knows itself fallen from the high honor and trust in which its dearest hold it. Being away from the home is not the worst; it is being away from the heart, it is finding sin descending like an impenetrable pall of blackness between you and those you love —that night of fearful silence and the dark, that is the unbearable thing.

But the portraits did all that was needed. As the story ended the lad gave one piteous look at the sweet, loved faces above him and then fell upon his knees and cried

like a child again, sobbing to God for mercy. Then quietly the minister spoke about the One who is never absent even from the sinning soul, whose tenderness and perfect understanding surpass even that of mother or of sweetheart.

That night a soul was born again, redeemed by those invisible presences, human and divine, who are "closer than breathing, nearer than hands or feet."

THE SONG OF THE TWO BOOKS

A Story of Fiji

There are many dramatic incidents in the story of how the Fiji Islands have been won from the degradation of savagery and cannibalism into the light and peace of Christian faith, as yet unknown to the general public. Yet few stories are so convincing of the power of Christianity to change utterly both the individual and his surroundings.

In the early days of Christianity's attack on these benighted islands one missionary had a particularly gruesome experience. Coming suddenly upon a tribe for which he was searching, he found them assembled at a feast of human flesh. The moment his presence was announced, the chief sent to him, as a particular delicacy, *a roasted foot* for his own share of the feast. Needless to say, the missionary whilst expressing his sense of the chief's kindly intentions, discovered no appetite at that moment. The incident serves to show the type of savage with whom our Christian pioneers had to deal.

It was on one of the fairest of these islands and among

just such people that the touching incident, of which I now tell, occurred. One of the bravest of these pioneers, John Nettleton, was able to work on one of these islands for only a very short period, and he felt the deepest regret at being obliged to leave the work while it was only in such small beginnings. He left behind him, however, a good supply of New Testaments.

It was seven years before he could return to the work he loved, but at last the ship that brought him back cast anchor off the shore of the island. To his surprise that shore was black with people. The whole population had turned out to welcome him. He rowed to the shore and was there met by the chief and his leading men. These hastened to assure him that the whole people were now Christian and in the seven years of his absence the reading of the Great Book had changed all their life.

After their speech of welcome the great throng parted right and left, and a procession of two thousand native children approached across the wide stretch of beach. They were the Sunday-school children of the island whose numbers had grown in seven years to that great figure from the mere handful that Nettleton had left behind him. Standing on the shore the children lifted up their voices in an action song. Each boy and girl carried in the right hand a war-club and in the left hand a New Testament. Raising the war-clubs aloft the children sang slowly and mournfully the first verse of their song which was called "The Song of the Two Books":

> Within and without, write this book of the heathen,
> Lamentation and mourning and woe,
> The widow is strangled, clubbed, cooked, and eaten,
> This is the only song that we know.

No school for the child, no Bible to read,
No Sabbath for worship or rest,
War, cruel war, is the drum that we beat,
And the blood of the slain is our quest.

The melancholy words died away on the solemn air and then casting away the war-clubs, and raising aloft their New Testaments, the children sang in tones of ringing triumph:

But the Gospel of Peace has been heard in our land,
The past has all gone with its night,
The club of the savage is not now in our hand,
But the Bible that bringeth us light.

A new song we sing and a new book we write,
We rejoice and our offerings we bring,
Peace and good-will our homes have made bright,
And therefore the children sing.

Deeply moved by the song and with a heart bursting with gratitude to Almighty God, Mr. Nettleton resumed his work among this people with great joy and wonderful success.

"PUTTING THE SHINE ON"

A great revival came to a church not long ago. It began with a little servant-maid. She was in the senior class of the Sunday-school and one of her favorite hymns was one the little folk used to sing:

Jesus bids us shine with a clear pure light,
Like a little candle shining in the night.

She worked in a large house where there were many servants, and it was her task to clean many boots. The

" shine " she put on those boots! The wearers could see their faces in them. But the cook, who was head of all the servants, said to her one day: " I think you waste your time putting on a shine like that. Your master doesn't notice it." " Oh but, Cook," said little Polly, " I don't put this shine on only for master, I do it for Jesus." And away she started with her little hymn once more, " Jesus bids us shine."

Now Cook was a good woman, and Polly's example set her thinking. " I'll do my work for Jesus too," she said. " I'll put my ' shine ' on."

The result was simply better cooking than that house had ever known. It made a sensation, and both master and mistress noticed something. The young mistress made a special visit to the kitchen to thank the cook, and the cook told her about Polly and " the shine." The young lady was a teacher in the very Sunday school Polly attended, and she began to do her work of teaching for Jesus in real earnest. She made up her mind to " put a shine on " all her teaching work. So great was the success that resulted from her efforts that the minister heard about it and came to see her class. He too was told about Polly's " shining for Jesus " and its influence on the cooking, and was so cheered and encouraged that he tried to " put a shine on " his preaching. Such sermons had never been heard before in the old church, and a great revival spread over the church and district.

So even " blacking boots " may have a lot to do with religion. You may be in a small corner, but if you " shine " the light will travel far.

"TUBBY'S" SERMON

During the Great War there was reported from France an extremely interesting incident. It occurred somewhere east of Bethune. Some of the soldiers of an English regiment desired to have a religious meeting among themselves, no chaplain being handy. They chose for their place of worship a tumble-down cottage, screening the windows and holes with turf and sacking so that no light should show through to attract the German guns. They chose the hymns and arranged who should pray. But then there arose the question of the sermon—who was to preach that? The men were perfectly serious and reverent, and their choice at last fell on one of the most popular of their friends, a sergeant known familiarly as "Tubby." His nickname was a tribute to his jollity; he was a perpetually cheerful Christian. "Tubby" gave some careful thought to his important task, and after the hymns and the prayer he read the story of the storm on the Sea of Galilee and then launched out into his sermon, a talk as practical as the soldier himself. It went something like this:

"I don't know if you chaps ever noticed that it says 'there were also with Him other little ships.' It's about them other little ships I want to talk. What were they doin' there? I don't know. Their duty, I suppose, same as you and me are tryin' to do here.

"But anyway, when the storm fell on the disciples' ship, them 'other little ships' got it too. They would be tossed about like corks in the sea and have a reg'lar bad time of it. But then, when Jesus rebuked the wind and

made the sea still, and there was a great calm, well, them other little ships got that too.

"Now it's just the same in the big storm of the war that's raging now. The big ships are in it, but there are other little ships also—Denmark and Holland and Switzerland and Norway and Sweden. They are getting tossed about and having an anxious time too. And when we win the great peace, then them other little ships'll have it too.

"And isn't it just the same o' you and me? If we get playin' the fool with drink and gambling and other sins, we'll not be the only ones to feel the storm. There'll be other little ships in it with you—wives and children and sweethearts and friends. They'll get the storm too. But then again if you let Jesus have his way in your heart, and he gives you his power and peace, well then, them other little ships'll be as safe and happy as you are. Isn't it worth trying for, boys?"

Need it be said that every heart in that little gathering so far from home and kindred, so close to danger and death, was deeply touched by the sergeant's sermon. Sometime after "Tubby" fell in a charge, but his words live after him helping to make the great sea of life safe for "them other little ships."

THE POWER OF PURITY

An impressive reminiscence of war-days in France is the following from a Y. M. C. A. worker. A young lieutenant fresh from a sheltered life in a godly Christian home arrived at his camp in France to find that the offi-

cers' mess was by no means to his liking. The atmosphere of conversation was none too good, but the most objectionable feature was the fact that the walls of the mess-room were decorated by a large number of indecent or risqué pictures. There was hardly a good picture on the wall, nothing but what ministered to licentious thought and feeling, though some were more nearly respectable than others.

The lad was young and fresh to army life; he scarcely dared speak about the matter, though his whole soul revolted at the sight. For some days he was puzzled to find a way of protest that would be effective without giving offense. Then, one day, examining his luggage, he discovered that some one had packed into his valise a beautiful and valuable little picture. It was a head of Christ by Leonardo da Vinci, the master of masters, a copy of that "head" which he had so assiduously practised before placing it upon the canvas of his great picture, the Last Supper. Yielding to a brilliant inspiration, the young fellow crept secretly into the mess-room late one night and simply hung this little picture of the head of Christ upon the wall. There it was, the only point of goodness and real beauty amid the rubbish of evil suggestion.

But the young officer was not the only one to creep into that room when no one seemed to be watching. Within twenty-four hours, picture after picture mysteriously disappeared from those walls until nothing but the head of the Saviour remained. Before those pure and tender eyes sin fled away. The simple uplifting of Christ was sufficient to drive evil in headlong flight. Evil cannot be overcome of evil; it must be overcome only by good.

TO HIS MOTHER

It was at Rouen he decided to do it. Sitting in the quiet and comfort of his billet he reviewed the possibilities of the next few days and found them decidedly grim. This was his third time out, and two years of hairbreadth escapes, culminating in his present commission, gave him a feeling that every soldier knows, the conviction that his "luck" couldn't last. They were due to go straight into action, and he determined to yield to an impulse he had until now always resisted, namely, to write a farewell letter to his mother in case he should fall. Somehow the fact that he was yielding to this desire deepened his pessimism. It was worse for him than for some others. His mother was a widow, and he the only son. It seemed like giving in to death to write this letter—like signing his own death-warrant. His minister was partly responsible for this mood, for he had impressed him with the need for maintaining "confidence of life" amid the perils of death. The lad had promised him to resist and fight back into oblivion all premonitions of death and disaster.

"Confidence is a shield of God about the souls of his children," the minister had said; "the shield of faith, as St. Paul calls it."

Yet if he fell there was one thing he wanted his mother to know. He must make sure of that. One thing, which more than any other would comfort her. Slowly, and with infinite difficulty, stopping now and then to dash away from his eyes the tears that would gather—a strong man's tears, which were never permitted to fall—he wrote his message, his swan-song.

Only one passage concerns us, and it is almost too sacred to mention. Yet its glory is such that all motherhood should know it.

"Dear Mother: One thing especially I want you to know. Yours has been an unhappy life. Let this bring you joy. Your wish has always been my law. When I left home for business seven years ago you told me that you wished me never to drink, gamble, or swear. It was wise of you to use that word 'wish.' Just because it was not a command, but the anxiety of your great love to me, I have always respected it. Dear Mother, from that day to this, I have never tasted strong drink, gambled, or sworn, or done anything else I felt you would be ashamed of. I think this will please and comfort you.

"Dear Mother, don't grieve if I fall. I believe in Christ, and I shall go with a clean soul to God."

The letter was closed and sealed and despatched to a friend in England, to be sent to his mother if necessary.

The question of "confidence" troubled him, however. He shared his minister's belief that "confidence of soul" is as useful a commodity in all situations as "strength of body." Within the larger plans of God the individual soul must will its pure purposes as strongly and serenely as possible. Before he slept that night he determined, on his knees, to resist all gloomy forebodings and to will "life" for his mother's sake as well as his own.

A week later orders came through to his battalion that a strong German machine-gun post must be captured. "A" Company was given the task, attempted it, and failed. "C" Company, in charge of our young hero, and,

in spite of perfectly good language on his part, the smartest company of the lot, was ordered to retrieve the situation. Through a perfect hail of bullets they swept to victory.

A month went by, and the young officer was standing one day in the trenches. Snipers were busy, and he had been seeing that his men were not carelessly exposed at any point. Wearily he leaned against the back wall of the trench. Suddenly, like a wave of warning, came an impulse to move his position. He could not explain it, his position was as comfortable as any. Nevertheless he obeyed it and swung round on his elbow sideways to the wall. Ping! a German bullet sank sharply into the wall in the very spot against which his head had rested. So the days and nights went by with escape after escape. Still he struggled to maintain his confidence in life.

A month after the Armistice he returned to England to a home appointment. Never will he or his mother forget the night when, after much thought, he handed his mother that letter.

Many tears had she shed in life, but never such tears of perfect joy and pride. When they knelt together in overwhelming gratitude it was as though they heard a Voice saying: "Woman, behold thy son! Son, behold thy Mother!" The bitter sorrows of her wifehood had been swallowed up in the perfect victory of her motherhood.

KAVAUA [1]

A Modern Victory of the Cross

The missionary was startled to discover amongst the congregation that had assembled in his little mission church, the warrior-chief of the tribe, Kavaua. The man was a notorious fighter, bloodthirsty, cruel, and quarrelsome. With a silent prayer for aid the missionary proceeded with his message which he did not stint that morning. Boldly he declared Christ as a Prince of Peace delighting in brotherhood and good-will, loving mercy and commanding forgiveness. The service ended, and the audience dispersed.

That afternoon the missionary sat in his study just by the veranda window when a shadow fell across the room. The tall figure of a man loomed over the rail of the veranda and presently Kavaua stood before him. Neither spoke for some time, each trying to wear out, in native fashion, the patience of the other. The missionary was beaten, however, at last, and exclaimed, "What is it?" "I want you to baptize me this afternoon!" was the startling reply. "I have become a Christian!" "But I can't, I daren't, Kavaua!" the missionary cried. "You are totally unfit, your hands are full of blood, you delight in war. If the conchshell were sounded this very moment you know you would rush to the war-house and call out your braves with joy."

"Will you listen to me?" cried Kavaua. "I am lis-

[1] This story is given by the kind permission of the Rev. J. H. Holmes of the London Missionary Society.

tening," replied the missionary. "This morning," the chief went on, "I heard you preach peace to me—a man of war. You were preaching at me, and I was very angry. I went all hot within, and when I came forth from the church I did not know which way I would take where the paths divide. One leads to the war-house, and one to my own house. I wanted to go to the war-house and call out my men and come and kill you, but as I drew near to where the ways divide a voice said inside me, 'Go to your house, Kavaua, go to your house!' So to my house I went, and to rid myself of my hot feelings I lay down to sleep. I had scarcely closed my eyes when a voice called me by my name, 'Kavaua, Kavaua!' I leapt to my feet crying, 'Who is there?' but there was no reply. Again I tried to sleep, and again I heard my name, more loudly it seemed. I went forth from the house and crept round it on my hands and knees trying to find the footprints of him who called me. Missionary, there were no footprints! Greatly troubled, I again tried to sleep, and this time I dreamed that a voice spoke to me again, calling me by name, and I knew in my dream that it was the voice of the good Jesu. And he said, 'Kavaua! Follow Me!' And here I am come to follow your Prince of Peace. *I shall fight no more!*"

Electrified by such tremendous news the missionary leapt to his feet and gripped the chief's hand. He knew what it would mean for Kavaua. That afternoon the warrior-chief was baptized by the missionary, and from that moment was an outcast among his people. The men who had followed him to war thought he had gone mad and drove him with shame and insult from his chieftainship.

So Kavaua became a wanderer in that country, a wild, unkempt traveler, preacher of peace and good-will, often keeping the missionary company on his preaching journeys. Ill-treated himself, yet befriending any in need, always turning up in unexpected places to do some deed of courage and of kindness.

Some years later the missionary found himself gazing with greatly perturbed spirit upon a dramatic scene. Only a little way from his veranda was the boundary-line between this village and the next. Upon this line two companies of warriors were drawn up in fighting array. With bows taut, arrows strung, there they stood awaiting a signal from two chiefs who stood parleying between them. One of the chiefs raised his battle-axe and held it in the air. The onlooker knew that when that axe fell, it would be the signal for general combat, and it would probably fall upon the head of the other chief. With a bound the missionary cleared the veranda, and running swiftly and silently between the armies flung his arm around the chief's neck and clutched his upraised wrist in a grip of iron. Taken by surprise the warrior began slowly to hoist the missionary upon his back while revolving with increasing swiftness. Round and round the two went till the missionary was dizzy with the motion. Suddenly he became dreamily aware that a third figure was marching round them both. Tall, wild-looking, clad in a ragged gown, bearing a staff, the intruder, whoever he was, strode round and round the two swiftly turning figures. As he did so he chanted in a loud commanding voice; the burden of his chant was the story of the campaigns and sacrifices he

had made on behalf of his people. Louder and louder rose the chant, and greater and greater was its effect upon the listening chiefs and natives. The singer closed his song with a passionate appeal to be given the life of the white man as his reward. The chief who by this time had the missionary practically at his mercy, released him, gave a sign of good-will to the other with whom he had been parleying, and soon the two armies were mingled in renewed friendship. War had been averted through the intervention not merely of the missionary but of this strange helper—the stranger of the chant. It was Kavaua, and from that moment he was taken back into the favor of his tribe and though not restored to kingship, remained among them until he died, a potent influence for peace and good-will.

Thus does the Cross still win its victories of love in the wild places of the world.

A MODERN HEROINE

With the rise of every great evil there arises, in the providence of God, some champion for its overthrow. "Where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound." This truth has been signally illustrated again in the brave crusade of determined endeavor by which a noble woman has wiped a great stain from the British flag. There is a cruel Chinese custom known by the name of *mu-tsai,* whereby girls of tender age become helpless slaves in the households of the well-to-do. Their fate is often worse than death, to say nothing of the perpetual overwork to which many of them are doomed. When

Hongkong became a British possession this custom, with all its attendant iniquities, was taken over and maintained. It lies to the credit of Mrs. Haslewood, an English lady, the wife of a naval officer, that it has at last been brought to an end.

The story repeats some of the features of the great abolition struggle between the Northern and Southern States of America. There is the same record of bitter opposition by vested interests and cruel persecution of the liberator. Lieutenant Commander Haslewood was superintendent of the Chart Department in Hongkong. His wife might have settled down to enjoy the social life of Government circles. But instead she chose to give herself to the relief of the terrible suffering of the child girl slaves. With patient persistence she dragged the ugly facts into the light. Her opponents tried to strike at her through her husband. He was forced to resign his position and to return home. But he was worthy of his crusader-wife. He could not be browbeaten by authority. Together they devoted themselves to informing and moving British public opinion and British authorities. They eventually won the support of Mr. Winston Churchill, and now the last trace of barbaric slavery has been wiped away from British colonial life.

Mrs. Haslewood thoroughly deserves the title many have given her—"The Florence Nightingale of Hongkong," and her story calls to mind one of Lowell's famous "Stanzas to Freedom":

> Women! who shall one day bear
> Sons to breathe New England air,
> If ye hear, without a blush,
> Deeds to make the roused blood rush

Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains;
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

and also his other ringing words:

And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race.

TOO MUCH EMOTION

A well-known minister was conducting an evangelistic mission in a great American city.

Whilst presenting the charms of the gospel in the light of reason, he did not hesitate to encourage the appropriate degree of emotion.

His host was a well-known and wealthy business man who frequently appeared on "change" in the course of his business.

One evening they sat over the fire discussing the mission, when the business man ventured to express his opinion that evangelism was far too emotional for him. "I don't believe in all this excitement," he said. "It raises the temperature and interferes with clear judgment. You're apt to regret afterward the steps you have taken at the impulse of the strong feeling of the moment."

The minister said, by way of reply, simply, "That is a very interesting point of view." Then, apparently changing the subject, he said abruptly, "What are you doing tomorrow morning?" "Oh," replied his host,

"I'm going down to the Street; I must be on 'change' tomorrow." "May I come with you?" said the minister. "Certainly," his friend replied, "you can watch from the gallery."

The next morning the minister found himself looking down upon the arena of battle at the exchange. Men seemed to have gone mad. The air thrilled with excitement. Hatless and hoarse with calling and bawling, his business friend was as excited as the rest. After it was over, he came rushing up to the minister. "What did you think of it?" he asked breathlessly. The minister replied coldly, but with a twinkle in his eye: "Too much excitement for me. I don't believe in all this emotion. I like things quieter myself. Don't see what the fuss is all about."

The business man looked at him and then nodded his head slowly. "Yes," he said, "I see your point. I know what you mean. It's worth thinking over."

COMFORTED

There is a charming story related of a well-known Scotch divine, who discovered upon returning to his parish after a holiday, that one of his old parishioners was in great distress of mind.

Presently, when they were quite alone, the old saint made his confession and revealed his trouble. Some weeks before, being very weary, he had said his nightly prayer quite forgetting to remove his nightcap. The irreverence involved was troubling his conscience, and he could get no peace of mind.

It would have been easy to some men to have dismissed the trouble as childish and to have been amused at the old man's scruples, but this minister was of the sort that understands. He simply said to the old man: "James, there are two ways of expressing reverence. We, in the West, uncover our heads. The people in the East uncover their feet. You will remember how Moses was bidden to take off his shoes, for the place whereon he stood was holy ground. Both the methods mean the same thing, they signify the shortening of the person in token of self-abasement before God. Now, James, if your feet were bare there was no need that you should also uncover your head, and I presume you hadn't on your shoes?"

"No!" said the old man tremulously and heaving a sigh of relief, "no, nor ma stockin's naether."

"Ah! then," said the minister, "it's all right."

"Oh, sir!" was the reply, "I'm sae gled: I was quite sure that when ye cam' back ye wud be able to fit it a'richt some way."

AN UNKNOWN WARRIOR ON HEROISM

The following poem was found on the dead body of a soldier in Gallipoli. Its authorship is quite unknown.

Jesus, whose lot with us was cast,
Who saw it out from first to last,
Patient and fearless, tender, true,
Carpenter, vagabond, felon, Jew—
Whose humorous eye took in each phase
Of full rich life this earth displays,
Yet evermore kept full in view
The far-off goal it leads us to;

Who, as your hour neared, did not fail—
The world's fate trembling in the scale—
With your half-hearted band to dine,
And speak across the bread and wine;
Then went out firm to face the end,
Alone, without a single friend;
Who felt as your last words confessed,
Wrung from a proud unflinching breast
By hours of dull, ignoble pain,
Your whole life's fight was fought in vain.
Would I could win and keep and feel
That heart of love, that spirit of steel;
I would not to thy bosom fly
To shirk off till the storms go by;
If you are like the man you were,
You'd turn in scorn from such a prayer,
Unless from some poor workhouse crone
Too toil-worn to do aught but moan.
Flog me and spur me, set me straight
At some vile job I fear and hate,
Some sickening round of long endeavor,
No light, no rest, no outlet ever,
All at a pace that must not slack
Though heart would burst and sinews crack;
Fog in one's eyes, and brain aswim,
A weight like lead in every limb,
And a raw pit that hurts like hell
Where the light breath once rose and fell;
Do you but keep me, hope or none,
Cheery and staunch till all is done,
And at the last gasp quick to lend
One effort more to serve a friend.
And when, for so I sometimes dream,
I've swum the dark, the silent stream—
So cold, it takes the breath away—
That parts the dead world from the day,
And see upon the further strand
The lazy listless angels stand,

And with their frank and fearless eyes
The comrades that I most did prize.
Then, clear, unburdened, careless, cool,
I'll saunter down from the grim pool
And join my friends. And you'll come by,
The Captain of our company,
Call me up, look me up and down,
And pass me through without a frown
With half a smile, and never a word,
And so—I shall have met my Lord.

THE PICTURE

From the coast of Scotland there comes the beautiful and touching story of a recent occurrence.

One of the rough and hardy fishermen of the northeast coast was at one time famous—or infamous—in the neighborhood for his drunken propensities. When money was in his pocket it was never long before the drink had its way with him. A visitor to the little township noticed in this man's cottage a very beautiful picture of Christ, Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." "Aye, that's a guid picture," said the fisherman, and he proceeded to tell the following story about it:

"I was very down with drink," he said, "when one night I went into a public, and there hung this picture.

"The sight of it sobered me, and I said to the innkeeper: 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' So I gave him all the money I had and brought the picture home. Then as I looked at it again, the words of my old mother came back to me. I dropped to my knees and cried, "O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of all my sin?"

The fisherman's prayer was abundantly answered. To-day he is the leader in every good cause in that little Scottish town by the sea.

When the visitor asked him if it were not a struggle to give up the liquor, a look of exaltation flashed over the rugged face as he replied, " When such a Saviour comes into the heart he takes the love o' drink out of it."

What the world owes, to be sure, to its inspired artists!

ONE FOR THE PADRES

An interesting incident that occurred recently in the life of a minister has in it a war message of encouragement for the padres of the Great War.

The minister and his wife sat at afternoon tea on the veranda overlooking the garden of their little bungalow in a rural part of England. Presently, disturbed by a noise in the house which was supposed to be empty of all but themselves, the minister went round to the front. There he found signs of burglars having entered. They had doubtless been disturbed in their designs by the sound of tea-cups from the veranda and had promptly decamped. Not, however, before they had appropriated a sum of ten pounds which the padre had that morning taken from the bank, and which had been left lying on the sideboard of the living-room.

The police were informed and a few days went by, but no news of the thieves was forthcoming.

Then one morning a tramp called at the bungalow asking for a little money to help him along the road. The minister told him that he had no money to give away.

"Some of your gentry robbed me of ten pounds the other day, and I've got to economize," he said grimly, "but you can come in and have some grub." The tramp accepted the invitation, and over a cup of cocoa and a cigarette the minister and he discovered that they had both served at the front and had a very great deal in common in memories of the war. Before the tramp went he seemed to take a great interest in the burglary and asked several questions about it. "What day did it happen? What time? What was the amount, did you say?"

The minister gave him all the information possible but thought no more about it.

In a few days' time, however, he found awaiting him on his breakfast-table a bulky letter. He opened it to find ten one-pound notes and a message as follows:

DEAR SIR:

When we visited your house the other day we had no idea that you were a padre. The padres were too good to us chaps in France for us to lift anything from them. We have much pleasure in returning the money with our apologies.

The letter was unsigned, but the padre didn't worry about that.

THE PRINCE'S KISS

Never has the true character of the Prince of Wales been revealed more strikingly than in a little story told to a friend by Lady Kinnaird a few weeks before her death.

The Prince was asked one day if he would visit a private hospital where the patients were thirty-six men

so seriously injured and disfigured in the war that they could never hope for release. He went, and having been shown round the beds was conducted to the doors.

Suddenly the Prince stopped and said: "I was told you had thirty-six patients. I have seen only twenty-nine." It was explained to him that the seven other patients were so tragically disfigured that the visit to their ward was purposely omitted. "For my sake or theirs?" he asked. "For yours, Sir," was the answer.

At once he insisted on seeing those seven men. He was ushered into the ward where they lay, and at each bed he stopped for some minutes, saying cheering words and thanking each man in the name of England for his self-sacrifice.

Then, once again, he paused at the door. "But there are only six men here," he persisted. "Where is the seventh?" He was told that nobody could see the seventh man. Blind, deaf, maimed, and disfigured out of the likeness of humanity, this seventh man (they told him) lay in a bed in a room to himself, from which he would never stir.

"You must not see him, sir," said one of the officials.

"I must see him," said the Prince.

"Better not, sir. You can do him no good. And the sight is terrible."

"Still, I wish to see him."

One member of the staff accompanied the Prince into that little darkened room of unutterable tragedy. He relates that the Prince walked firmly to the bedside, that he turned very white, but stood there with bowed head, looking at the man who could neither see him nor hear him, looking at that awful wreck of manhood as though

he would see the final anguish of murderous and monstrous war.

Then, very slowly, the Prince stooped down and kissed the man's face.

A UNIQUE PRAYER-MEETING

It is always worth while recording beautiful deeds. There has just come to the writer's notice such a deed as brings a lump to one's throat to hear of. A bright and sincerely Christian youth, the organist of one of the most flourishing of our Congregational Sunday schools, lay desperately ill. All that human love and human science could do for him was done. Every one loved him, his nature was so frank and his service of the school and church so devoted and willing. His last public appearance was at the Sunday-school anniversary. Then one evening there came to the church tennis-club, of which he was a member, the news that his life was despaired of. It was a beautiful June evening, and the five courts were full of eager white-clad players. Quickly the news passed round and then arose the suggestion: "We must do something. What can we do?" The result of this earnest inquiry was that the players stopped their play, left the courts, crowded into their little pavilion, and there poured out their souls in supplication for the life of their chum. It was a meeting which will never be forgotten by those who took part in it, and although God in his wisdom saw fit to permit the blow to fall and the dear lad to be called to higher service, the influence of that effort to do "something" on his behalf will be far-reaching indeed.

The bereaved family were greatly comforted and inspired by this spontaneous act of sympathy and Christian love.

Is there not an answer here to those who are inclined to think that an interest in sport is necessarily deadening to the spiritual life of our young people? When the deep things of life call there is depth enough in these young hearts. The tennis-court prayer-meeting has inspired a fresh hope in many who were inclined to interpret too shallowly the undemonstrativeness of youth's spiritual interest.

THE MAN OF PRINCIPLE

The great Baron ———, a world-famous Jewish financier, had issued an advertisement inviting tenders for a building contract. A young builder just starting in business, with a wife and two young children, ventured to tender for the work. He had prepared his costs with enterprise and ingenuity, aiming at only a modest profit. To his great delight he was summoned to the great man's presence and informed that the contract was his. The interview took place upon a Saturday and the work was for the sum of £4,000. In the course of conversation the Baron said, "You will of course start work tomorrow." The young man was startled. "But tomorrow, sir," he said, "is Sunday, and I am a Christian man. I never work any of my men on Sunday, and I never do so myself." "But do you mean to say," cried the Baron, "that you will risk this contract for such a reason?" "If you make it a condition, sir," replied the man, "I can do nothing else than refuse the contract." "But it is for

£4,000," said the baron, "and you are just beginning in business. This might be the making of you." "I should be made, sir, at too great a price," replied the man sturdily, "if I began by selling my principles." "Well!" exclaimed the baron, "this is the first time in the whole of my life that I have ever met a man who has refused to work for me. Suppose we say Monday then instead." "Oh sir," replied the man eagerly, "I will start as early as you care to name on Monday morning." "You can fix your own hour," replied the baron smiling, "and I am so impressed by your faithfulness to principle that I shall put every contract in your way that lies in my power to do so."

For a long lifetime the builder has fulfilled contract after contract for the great financier, proving that it does at least sometimes pay, even in the tribute of this world, to be a man of principle.

THE VISION

Some time ago a Congregational minister entered upon a week's mission in a London suburban church. Before doing so he received the solemn promise of a justly famous evangelist that he would be specially remembered by him in prayer. The first services of the mission were excellent in atmosphere, but there were no visible results at all to the appeals that were made. The missioner found himself in the grip of a deep depression in consequence, feeling that his own great unworthiness might be the cause of failure. On the third night of the series of meetings, as he was ascending the stairs in his

host's house on his way to the den allotted to him for preparation, a startling thing happened.

There, suddenly, in front of him on the staircase, stood the figure of his friend the evangelist! Although the minister seemed to know that it was a purely mental vision, the figure was every whit as vivid, as objectively vivid, as any seen by the physical eye. Detail for detail the figure could have been described or sketched, so perfect was the vision. But the result was equally impressive, for simultaneously with the vision there shot into the minister's heart a piercing sense of joy, an almost painful happiness. He preached that night with a new uplift of soul and a greater sense of power, and the first visible results appeared. The state of peculiar happiness of spirit continued, and on the succeeding evenings, amongst other results, eighteen young souls dedicated themselves in solemn decision to Christ.

Subsequently the minister discovered that about the time of the vision on the stairs, his friend was on his knees in North Wales, praying specially according to his promise for the mission in London.

For this experience the minister was intensely grateful. It meant a fresh baptism of conviction for him, as well as great encouragement for his friend.

THE VIRTUE OF A TEAR

The great Italian poet, Dante, has given classic expression in his greatest poem to the idea that a single tear of repentance proves the redeemability of a soul. Readers of his "Purgatorio" will remember how Buonconte, a

man of blood and no true knight, fell mortally wounded at the battle of Campeldino. As he lay dying he bethought him of his sins, and fashioning a rough cross from two pieces of wood, he held it before him while his soul yearned to repent. At last a single tear of true penitence fell upon it as his soul plunged into eternity. The great poet describes how a demon demanded Buonconte for hell, but the virtue of his single tear brought a white angel flashing from the sky to lift his soul to God.

Curiously enough, there is an ancient legend of Egypt which enshrines a similar story. A rich Egyptian lord was disturbed one day in the midst of his pomp and vanity by a celestial voice that bade him mend his ways lest ill befall him. "What shall I do?" he replied. "Seek the hermit's counsel," was the answer.

The rich lord climbed the rugged mountain where the hermit made his home, and having told his story was given a little flask. "Take this and fill it at yonder stream," said the hermit, "and your soul shall be shriven and pardoned."

Pleased with so light a penance the lord hastened to obey, but no matter how often or how deep he dipped the flask beneath the waters not a drop would enter the phial.

His heart grew hot with anger, and he was about to return to the cave, but pride bade him stay. "There are other streams. I will not return unsuccessful from so simple a task."

Thus he became the "pilgrim of the flask," for he wandered through many a country and for many a year, over mountains and through forests, facing hardship, pain, and beggary, but never could the flask be filled. At

last, his pride beaten by his sufferings, he humbly prayed to heaven for guidance. "Return to the hermit and confess your failure," was heaven's reply. With renewed hope and with chastened spirit the pilgrim hastened to obey. "Father," he said to the hermit, "I have been far and wide but the flask is still dry. My heart is not yet touched to the quick, and I am not yet pardoned."

"My son," answered the hermit, "you have done enough. Let go your purpose and rest from your labor." But this was too much for the still rather haughty lord. Should he return home unforgiven. Was there anything he could *do* to earn pardon and peace? With disappointment his heart broke, and a slow heavy tear, just one tear, rolled down his cheek and fell into the flask. In a moment the flask was filled to the brim.

"You are shriven," said the hermit.

Such virtue is there in one tear of true repentance.

THE COALIE

It was at the time of a chronic coal shortage during the recent war that a minister sat shivering in his study preparing his sermons for the next day. Presently the front-door bell rang, and the minister was told that a little girl was crying on the doorstep and asking to see the minister. He hastily brought her into his study and then learned her story. Mother had been taken away to the hospital for a serious operation, and the little girl, who attended the Sunday school, had suddenly thought that if the minister would only pray for her, Mother would be quite safe. "My dear," said the minister, "of course I will pray for

her, and what is more the whole congregation shall pray for her at church tomorrow." And the girl went away comforted.

On Monday morning a thick fog hung over the city, and the minister was still without coal. Again the door-bell rang and the message arrived, " Please sir, there is a man at the door who says he has two sacks of coal for you." With a shout of joy the minister rushed to the door, but there he paused and said: " Surely there is some mistake—my orders for coal have been refused everywhere. How is it these sacks are sent to me? "

" Well, sir," said the coalie, " it's like this 'ere, sir; my little gal told me as how you'd got no fire, and I guessed you were short o' coal, and having these spare sacks, sir, I 'brought 'em along. You see, sir, my little gal told me that you was going to pray in church for the missis, and I didn't really believe her. So last night I says to myself, ' Now, Bill, go and see if the bloke'll do it, then ye'll know.' So I crept into the back o' the church in the service, and when I see'd yer hold up that great congregation, sir, just to pray for my missis and the kids and me, I says, ' O God, help me to do something for that bloke '; and here it is only Monday morning, and these sacks of coal are on my hands. Take 'em, sir, and welcome. I dunno how to thank yer."

But it wasn't only the coal that caught fire just then. Today that coalie, and his missis, brought safely through the operation, and his five kiddies, are enthusiastic members of that congregation.

THE "BENEFITS" FORM

There is an excellent story told in connection with the great work of Katie Lee, the Angel-Adjutant of the Salvation Army, which serves to show what a gulf exists between the language of religion and the understanding of many of the people.

A newly-won, but very tough, convert was once giving his testimony at one of the Adjutant's meetings. This is what he said:

"Before the Army got hold of me I was a wrong 'un and fairly down and out. I couldn't get any work half me time and when I did, I couldn't keep it. Me wife had no food, me children had no clothes, and as for a 'ome, we hadn't one. We roughed with a crowd of others in one room.

"But since that blessed woman under God," and he pointed to Katie Lee, "met me and brought me to the 'benefits' form, everything has been different. Now we've got a nice little 'ome, plenty of work and food and clothes. We've even got a 'grammerfone.' *Them's the benefits you gets at the 'benefits' form.*"

Doubtless the good fellow had found no meaning in the word "penitent" form and had substituted for it a word made familiar to him by friendly societies and sick benefit. Anyway "benefits" form is not an inappropriate description.

"THERE IS A RIVER"

A beautiful and moving story comes to us from African missions. A well-known white missionary set out for a village that had been determinedly hostile to the gospel. It was thought to be a rather hopeless enterprise, but the missionary felt under strong constraint of spirit to make the attempt. After a tedious and difficult journey he reached the village, with his four bearers carrying his tent and other necessaries. Their arrival was the signal for a great gathering of little black kiddies filled with curiosity, many of whom had evidently never seen a white man before. He went on busily with the task of erecting the tent, but as he did so one little black fellow put his curly head in under the tent and watched the missionary. He was plainly quite fascinated by the white man and his wonderful doings. Presently the boy drew a little nearer. The missionary took no notice of him for fear of frightening him off.

At last, as he went on with his work, he felt little fingers tugging at his trousers. Later, as he stood up to survey his task a little black hand pushed its way into his white one. The missionary looked down into the eager, shy, but earnest little black face of his new friend. Clutching him now with both hands the tiny representative of a village that did not want the gospel uttered these words, "Please, white man, tell me the name of the river where you wash yourself white."

Could the appeal of Africa's children to a humanity that professes to know the secret of pure manhood and womanhood be better stated?

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